The Case for Mobilization

CDC May 19, 1966 35¢

THE RAID ON CASTALIA

THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yesterday, it was all a GI could do to throw a 2-pound hand grenade 90 feet.

Today, he can fire his own 40-pound guided missile over a mile. How?

The Army's new TOW missile is remarkably compact. It can be carried by just three infantrymen—and fired by just one. Here's how the great engineers of Borg-Warner's Weston Hydraulics subsidiary helped the Hughes Aircraft Company get the project off the ground.

COMPARED TO HIS COUNTERPART of twenty years ago, today's GI is a bona fide *superman*. And much of this new-found power must be attributed to *super weapons* being developed by companies like Hughes Aircraft. Take the Army's new TOW anti-tank guided missile, now in advanced development. (TOW stands for Tube-launched, Optically-tracked, Wire-command—the missile actually trails a wire out behind it.) Travelling faster than the speed of sound, this missile can destroy a tank more than a mile away. Yet the launcher weighs only 160 pounds, can be carried by just *three* men, and the missile can be fired and guided by just *one* man.

A remarkable weapon like this is no cinch to develop. The guidance system, for instance, is built right into the launcher. To make it work, the infantryman holding the launcher must keep absolute dead aim on the target throughout the flight of the missile. If you've ever tried to hold a rifle steady for even a few seconds, you know what a problem this can be.

For over a year, this problem proved to be a major stumbling block.

Then the engineers of Hughes and Borg-Warner's Weston Hydraulics subsidiary got together. Within six weeks they had a working model. And their solution looks simple enough to be nothing more than a wad of children's Silly Putty.

Actually, it's a thicker-than-molasses silicone fluid encased in special damper tubes. This remarkable material is about as thick as anything can be and still be a fluid—or, just thick enough to dampen out the shake characteristic in any infantryman's hands. That's all there is to it.

Fortunately, the engineers at Weston Hydraulics don't hoard all their problem-solving skill for the Army. They make a host of special valves and controls for the Navy's nuclear submarines. And thousands of Air Force jets use Weston Hydraulics controls in their power steering systems.

All of which should go to prove that a soldier's rifle isn't his *only* best friend. He always has 600 or so more good friends at Weston Hydraulics.

AUTOMOTIVE, HOME & BUILDER, CHEMICAL & STEEL AND INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS. ©1966, BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, 200 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60604

◀ Sgt. 1st Cl. Robert A. Burke (right) gets the signal to fire when ready from Staff Sgt. Horace G. Jackson at the U.S. Army Missile Command, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama.

BORG WARNER ®

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The long, cool sleep of Remy Martin Cognac V.S.O.P.

Remy Martin Cognac ages in hand-hewn casks of Limousin oak. For years it "breathes through the wood", engendering its ardent spirit and developing its light, clear, amber color. □ Eventually the tasters decide the precise moment of peak perfection, and the ultimate in color, bouquet, and flavor are captured in bottles. □ When Remy Martin is ready for export, the symbol of the Centaur travels with it—a mark of perfection known throughout the world. Look, too, for the proud initials; V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale. All Remy Martin Cognac is V.S.O.P., and no Cognac of lesser quality is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label. □ Expensive? Beyond a doubt. Worth it? Without a doubt.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. 80 PROOF

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P.

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton *Managing Editor,* Donald A. Allan
Senior Editor, Derek Morgan *Washington Editor,* Meg Greenfield
Art Director, Reg Massie *Literary Editor,* Nora Magid
Associate Editor: Robert Cowley *Copy Editor:* Elizabeth Stille
Writers: Claire Sterling, Edmond Taylor, George Bailey, Denis Warner
Staff: Elizabeth Parsons (*Asst. to the Editor*), Louisa Messolonghites (*Asst. to Mng. Ed.*), Ruth Ames (*Librarian*), John A. Anderson, Jr., Lee Culpepper, Elizabeth N. Layne
General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley *Director of Advertising,* Roger J. Lederer
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander *Production Manager,* Rudolph Ford
Controller, Anthony E. Lanza *Asst. Circ. Mgr.,* Natalie S. Garr
Published by The Reporter Magazine Company, Nathan W. Levin, President

VOLUME 34, NO. 10 **MAY 19, 1966**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES
THE ANTI-ANTI . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 16

What the War Needs—and Doesn't Need

THE CASE FOR MOBILIZATION . . . . . *Hanson W. Baldwin* 20
THE ESTABLISHMENT GAME:
NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER RIDES AGAIN . . . . . *Paul Seabury* 24

At Home & Abroad

THE RAID ON CASTALIA . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 27
CARTOON . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 29
TWO GERMANYS AND TWO CHINAS . . . . . *Jean Edward Smith* 36
CAN NIGERIA CATCH UP WITH ITS REPUTATION? . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 39
REVOLT AND REPRESSION IN SPAIN'S UNIVERSITIES . . . . . *Eve Cary* 43
THE NEGRO RESPONSE TO BIRTH CONTROL . . . . . *Hannah Lees* 46
A SOVIET CRITIQUE OF CHINA'S 'TOTAL STRATEGY' . . . . . *Raymond L. Garthoff* 48

Views & Reviews

SEASON'S END (SHORT STORY) . . . . . *Hannah Stern Goldman* 50
ONE FOR THE ROAD . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 54
LOVELY TO LOOK AT, DEPRESSING TO KNOW . . . . . *Erik Wensberg* 55
DRIVE-IN MOVIE (VERSE) . . . . . *John Engels* 56
Books:
MRS. STANLEY, I PRESUME . . . . . *Glendy Culligan* 57
CONTEMPORARY ANCESTORS . . . . . *Dan C. Pinck* 58
COMPARED WITH ME . . . . . *Sarel Eimerl* 60
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 59

THE REPORTER, May 19, 1966, Volume 34, No. 10. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York. N. Y. 10021. © 1966 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio 45401.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

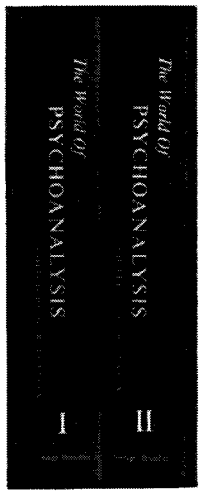
Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800.
Washington Office: 1750 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006; (202) 298-8186.

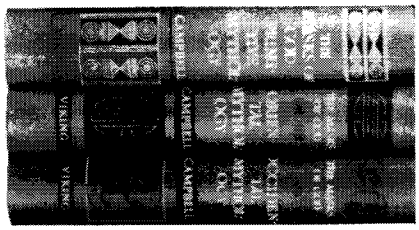
PUBLICATION IN THE U.S.A. OF THIS ISSUE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

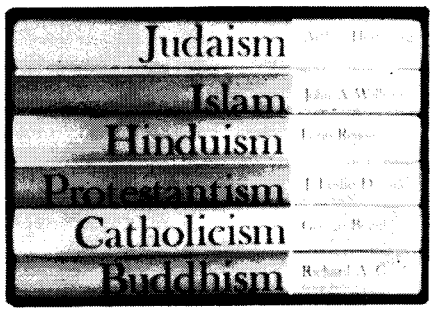
ANY 2

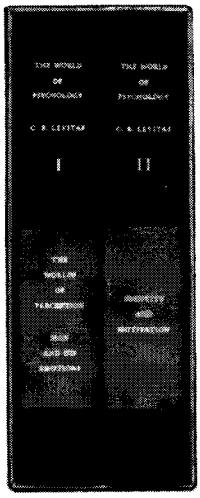
OF THESE VALUABLE REFERENCE WORKS FOR ONLY $4.95

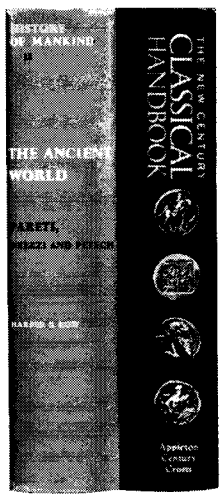
(as many as 10 volumes... combined retail values to $45.45)

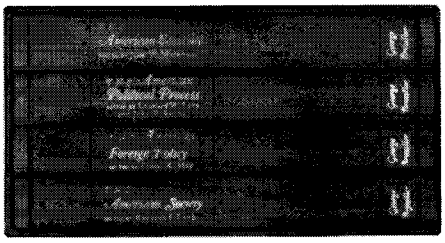












283. GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN: Buddhism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism.

A massive home library presenting the meanings and contemporary significance of the world's major faiths – with extensive selections from their great writings. **Retail $24.00**

305. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY

Exploring the whole range of motives underlying man's behavior – his perceptions, myths, dreams, fears; his love, hate, and guilt; his ventures into self-discovery – this massive compendium of theories, case studies, and works from world literature contains essential writings by Plato, Freud, Dostoevsky, Jung, Nietzsche, Kafka, Huxley, Fromm, Sartre, and more than 70 other foremost writers. **Retail $17.50**

323. THE MASKS OF GOD: Primitive, Oriental, and Occidental Mythology
Joseph Campbell

The oldest truths of man's inner life seen in the light of a new science to which psychology, anthropology, and archaeology contribute. **Retail $21.45**

267. THE WORLD OF LAW
edited by Ephraim London

From the writings of judges and lawyers, novelists, playwrights, philosophers and prophets, an exciting library of literature about and in law. Among the 90 authors represented are Douglas, Camus, Hand, Faulkner, Brandeis, Miller, Cervantes, Frankfurter, Gandhi, James, Rabelais, Swift, Shaw, Zola and Holmes. **Retail $17.50**

309. THE AMERICAN IMAGE
edited by Ernest R. May
Society, Foreign Policy, Political Process, Economy.

A basic 4-volume library of significant writings on American Civilization – from Jefferson and Lincoln, to Roosevelt and Kennedy, from Twain and James to Reisman and Baldwin. **Retail $20.00**

297. THE NEW CENTURY CLASSICAL HANDBOOK

An authoritative guide to the great personalities, ideas and accomplishments of classical Greece and Rome. Over 6000 entries, *1162 pages 7½" x 10". 214 pages of photographs and line drawings.* **Retail $15.00**

346. THE ANCIENT WORLD
Luigi Pareti, Paolo Brezzi, and Luciano Petech

A panorama of man's cultural and scientific progress between 1200 B.C. and 500 A.D. when literature and art made a spectacular emergence throughout the civilized world, and the foundations of modern man's thinking were laid. **Retail $15.50**

337. THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

The encounter of man and his gods vividly etched in 130 writings by philosophers, theologians, novelists, psychologists and poets. From sin and satanism to agnosticism, atheism, and the death of God – the whole range of human religious experience. **Retail $17.50**

344. THE WORLD OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

More than 80 leading psychoanalysts and creative writers from Freud and Jung to Menninger and Bettelheim, from Dostoevsky and Proust to Updike and Roth explore the heights and depths of the human psyche: its growth and development, its regression and neurosis individually, within the family, and its profound impact on human society. **Retail $15.00**

322. THE WORLD OF LOVE

The full scope and depth of human love – from its experience, meanings, and pathologies to its social and moral aspects – explored in the great writings of over 100 philosophers, psychologists, theologians, anthropologists and novelists – including Menninger, Proust, Freud, Aristotle, Fromm, Adler, Malinowski, Dostoevski, and James. **Retail $17.50**

AN EXCITING OFFER FOR DISCRIMINATING READERS

Ranging from psychology, myth, law and philosophy to a massive set surveying the world's major religions, these distinguished reference volumes are indicative of the high quality of selections that are available to members of the Book Find Club. These are books of current interest and lasting value – books that will make precious additions to your home library.

To receive the two sets of your choice for just $4.95, you need only agree to take four more books in the coming year from among the many Selections and Alternates that will be offered to you month by month. In addition to the savings you enjoy on every book offered by the club, you will receive bonus credit for each book or record you purchase after completing the introductory agreement. Whenever you have three such credits, we will mail you a certificate that can be redeemed for a FREE book of your choice from our extensive list of bonus selections.

Each month members have the opportunity to obtain such outstanding books as the following – all selections of the Book Find Club:

The Words, Jean-Paul Sartre; *and* **The Heart of Man,** Erich Fromm. Combined retail price $8.95 Member's price (for both books) $5.95

The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50.....Member's price $6.95

The Invisible Government, David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. Retail $5.95.....Member's price $4.50

The Act of Creation, Arthur Koestler Retail $8.95.....Member's price $5.95

Manchild In The Promised Land, Claude Brown Retail $5.95 .....Member's price $4.95

Take advantage of this unusual opportunity today. Simply fill out and return the coupon to us. You can receive as many as 10 volumes with an immediate savings of up to $40.50.

The Book Find Club, Inc. B66-5R
One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send the two reference works indicated, by number, in the boxes below, billing me for only $4.95 (plus a small charge for postage and handling). I agree to buy four books in the coming year from among the wide range of Selections and Alternates that will be made available to me at membership savings. I may cancel my membership at any time after buying these four books. If I continue as a member I will earn a bonus credit with each additional purchase, and for every three credits, I will receive a certificate that can be redeemed for a FREE book of my choice from the bonus selection list.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE REFERENCE WORKS CHOSEN ☐ ☐

MR.
MRS. .....
MISS
ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

Same offer and prices apply in Canada

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How long will Beethoven be around?

A real long time—on pre-recorded tapes with a base of MYLAR*. They're the first to last. Like blank tapes on a base of MYLAR, they don't dry out. They're protected against time, temperature, moisture, too. They can be stored anywhere—indefinitely. That's why MYLAR is the base used for "play-in-car" hi-fi tapes. Pre-recorded tapes represent an investment. Why not invest a little more for MYLAR and have the added insurance and protection of the strongest, longest-lasting tape base you can buy?

Make sure your favorite pre-recorded tapes are on a base of MYLAR polyester film. And look for the label on the box that says MYLAR.

How long will pre-recorded tapes of MYLAR last? Well, how long has Beethoven been around?

*Du Pont registered trademark for its polyester film.

DU PONT

DU PONT MYLAR® POLYESTER FILM

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE MONSOON season has begun in Southeast Asia, and if intelligence estimates are accurate, the next months of storms that are supposed to ground our aircraft will see a major effort by the Vietcong to turn the tide of the war on the land. Already Secretary McNamara has indicated the need for an increase in U.S. troops for Vietnam. Where will they come from? **Hanson W. Baldwin,** the Pulitzer Prize-winning military editor of the New York *Times,* points out that our armed forces are already spread dangerously thin. He argues that we must now give serious consideration to a limited mobilization of reserve and National Guard units if we are to prosecute the war vigorously and be prepared for emergencies elsewhere. . . . We are accustomed to charges from the extreme Right and Left that our foreign and economic policies are in the hands of a ruling circle or, to put it bluntly, syndicate. From time to time, even as distinguished an economist as Professor John Kenneth Galbraith has said things of this nature, but it was generally assumed, particularly among his friends, that he could not possibly be in earnest. Recently, however, in the keynote address to the convention of the Americans for Democratic Action, he insisted so much on this worn-out theme as to arouse the reaction of serious ADA members like **Paul Seabury,** whose attachment to the organization and what it stands for is not marred by frivolity. Mr. Seabury, a professor of political science at the University of California on leave this year at Harvard, is working on a book about the cold war.

IT IS nearly three years since we published one of the first articles on Timothy Leary and his experiments with LSD. Since then the uncontrolled use of the drug has spread and with some of the tragic consequences we then predicted. Leary has frequently been in trouble with the law, most recently when his bizarre Hudson River mansion headquarters was raided in the middle of the night by state police—just when **Marya Mannes** happened to be there on an assignment. . . . **Fernando Krahn's** cartoon shows another form of escapism. . . . The sale of a West German steel-processing plant to Communist China is the latest episode in a German trend toward closer relations with Peking, according to **Jean Edward Smith,** who is spending a leave of absence from the Political Science Department of the University of Toronto at the Institute for Defense Analyses in Washington. . . . **Claire Sterling** reports from Nigeria on the background of the military coup there and the prospects for the new government. . . . In Spain, university students have provided the most serious challenge to the authority of Franco's fascist state since the Civil War. **Eve Cary,** who is on the staff of *Commentary,* spent her junior year in 1964 at the University of Madrid and returned there last fall to continue her observation of the student movement. . . . **Hannah Lees,** who writes frequently from Philadelphia for *The Reporter,* discusses the social implications of a birth-control program in that city's Negro community. . . . **Raymond L. Garthoff's** analysis of a Soviet Army article on Chinese strategy is drawn from his book *Sino-Soviet Military Relations,* to be published later this year by Praeger.

Hannah Stern Goldman teaches at Hofstra College on Long Island. . . . **Gerald Weales** discusses the work of the Helen Hayes Repertory Company. Professor Weales is the author of *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace & World) and *A Play and Its Parts* (Basic Books). . . . **Erik Wensberg,** who is on the staff of the New York *Times,* is a former editor of *Columbia University Forum.* . . . **John Engels** teaches at Saint Michael's College in Winooski, Vermont. . . . **Glendy Culligan** is the former book-review editor of the Washington *Post.* . . . **Dan C. Pinck** is affiliated with Educational Services in Watertown, Massachusetts. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a free-lance writer who lives in San Francisco.

Our cover for this issue is by **Rocco Negro.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One reason you can Direct-Distance-Dial today is that Western Electric is part of the Bell System.

Say you dial, directly, a number a thousand miles away. A path for your voice must be opened through mazes of wire and cable. It may leap miles by microwave, from tower to tower. It must be channeled through complex switching systems in Bell telephone company central offices.

And, if too many calls are being made along the same route, you may have to be switched halfway around the country to reach the one phone you want. It's all done in seconds. Automatically.

And it's done largely with equipment made and installed by Western Electric and operated by A.T.&T. and your local Bell telephone company. Equipment consisting of billions of parts, coast-to-coast, which all work together as a single machine—a machine called the Bell telephone network.

This machine gets a good workout. In 1965, some 4½ billion long distance telephone conversations took place. Which brings up a couple of interesting points. First, because Western Electric has uncompromising manufacturing standards, you can count on the reliability of your phone. Only the most dependable materials go into Bell telephones and equipment that interconnects them.

Second, there might be no such convenience as Direct Distance Dialing if Western Electric, for decades, had not been committed to the Bell System's goal of continually providing better, more versatile service. Close-knit planning, design, manufacture and operation give you new services faster — and more economically.

Reliable phoning conveniences are as important to Western Electric as they are to your Bell telephone company. We're on the same Bell System team. We have been since 1882, working together with the same purpose: to keep bringing you the world's finest telephone service at low cost.

Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More than just a telescope...
More than just a microscope

Emoskop: a complete vestpocket optical system.

ONLY $12.95 With Case

We went to Wetzlar, Germany (world capital of fine optics) to find such perfection at such a price. Remove the EMOSKOP from its fitted leather case and it is a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 2.5-power telescope (ideal for theater, field and sky). Another twist and you have a choice of magnifying glasses: 5-, 10-, or 15-powers! ■ The perfect vestpocket companion for exacting professionals and scientists. Indispensable for students, serious collectors, and all who wish to observe anything more closely and clearly. ■ A most discreet opera glass. ■ If you make a fetish of quality, the EMOSKOP will do you proud. Five coated lenses, fully achromatic, absolutely flat field. ■ As exclusive distributors for Seibert Optical, Haverhill's guarantees your satisfaction without qualification.

INSTANT ORDER BLANK

Mail to: HAVERHILL'S
465 California St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104 R-0519

Send me_____ Emoskop Optical System(s) @ $12.95*
☐ I enclose check or M.O. plus $1.00 for post. and ins.
☐ Bill Diners'; ☐ Bill Amer. Expr. Acct. #_____
*(California residents add 4% sales tax)

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
_____

Haverhill's
Searching the World to bring you the Finest

Senator Kennedy Says:

"Professor Uphoff has shaped into a readable persuasive form the passions, agonies and the conflicts surrounding the long Kohler Company strike. He holds back no judgments on the actions of either the Kohler management or the striking United Auto Workers. In the field of labor relations, his book will assume the stature already attained in the field of sociology at large by the Lynds' MIDDLETOWN." — *Senator Robert F. Kennedy*

KOHLER ON STRIKE

Thirty Years of Conflict
by Walter H. Uphoff
$7.50

BEACON PRESS
25 Beacon St., Boston 02108

If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $12.50 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break – and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

National Sponsors
Faith Baldwin
Joan Crawford
Henry R. Luce
Norman Rockwell
Frank Sinatra
Mrs. Earl Warren

Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ☐ $ 75.00 semi-annually ☐
$37.50 a quarter ☐ $150.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of $_____

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____
Contributions are income tax deductible. R-5-2-6

CORRESPONDENCE

CULTURAL EXCHANGE

To the Editor: The fact that the major portion of George Bailey's article "Cultural Exchange As the Soviets Use It" (*The Reporter*, April 7) concerns the work of the Inter-University Committee on Travel Grants, an organization of forty-eight American universities engaged in exchanges of graduate students and scholars with the Soviet Union and three of the countries of Eastern Europe, leaves the unknowing reader with the impression that the Committee was the source of Mr. Bailey's information. At no time in the preparation of his article did Mr. Bailey contact those engaged in the direction of this exchange program. If Mr. Bailey had acted as a responsible journalist and had inquired for information from the Committee, we might have been able to assist him in avoiding the errors, misinterpretations, and exaggerations which unfortunately dominate his report.

ROBERT F. BYRNES
Chairman, Inter-University
Committee on Travel Grants
Indiana University
Bloomington

To the Editor: George Bailey's penetrating analysis of the Soviet misuse of the U.S.-Soviet cultural exchange program has been long awaited. Some of us who have been cultural exchange lecturers or visitors have been looking in vain these past eight years for some member of our government to point the finger of guilt at their Soviet counterparts and, as Bailey has done, to call a spade a spade.

As one of the first medical exchange visitors to the U.S.S.R., under Lacy-Zarubin auspices, I can now state for the first time in print that during my visit to the U.S.S.R. in April, 1959, four and a half years before Professor Frederick Barghoorn's arrest and detention, I too had been arrested and detained in a Moscow suburban police station for more than five hours, for the "crime" of photographing new housing construction in an area of slum clearance. My Russian "hosts"—plain-clothes members of the KGB—were, or pretended to be, convinced that I was only interested in photographing the "slums," in the foreground of my pictures, and not in the six-story apartment houses rising in the background. They suggested that I intended to use these photographs to illustrate a derogatory newspaper article upon my return to the United States. My protest that I was an official guest of the Soviet Union under the cultural exchange program fell on deaf ears.

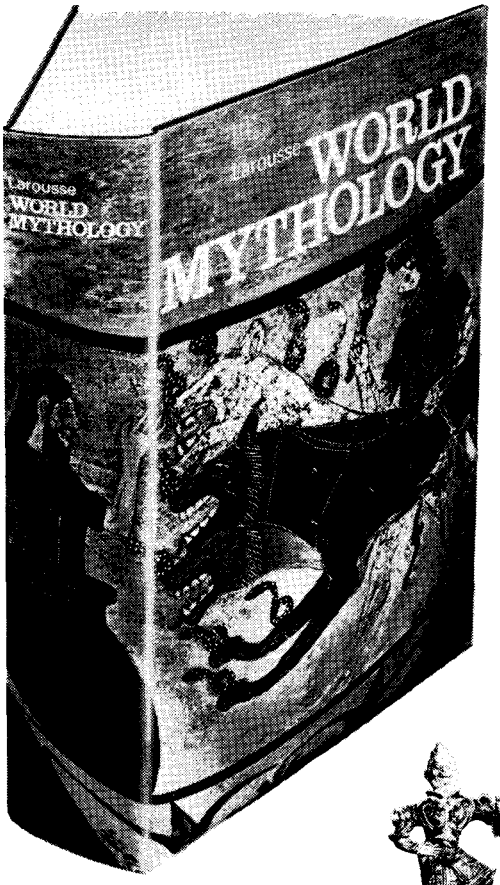
I purposefully, at that time in 1959, did not mention my arrest either to the U.S. embassy in Moscow or to the American newspapermen who were in touch with me from day to day, because I was visiting Moscow specifically

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hudson Book Club exclusive!

The $25 Larousse World Mythology yours-only $5 with a Trial Membership

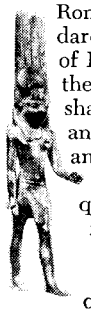
- 600 giant-sized pages (8½″ x 11¾″) • Over 650 illustrations, many in full color
- An incomparable assemblage of authentic painting, sculpture, symbols, idols, ritual and sacrificial objects... many rarely seen by modern Western eyes
- Published at $25.00



To prepare the monumental LAROUSSE WORLD MYTHOLOGY, celebrated scholars labored for ten years—amassing from every continent the mythological traditions of hundreds of nations, peoples, tribes and cultures. There is no other book like it.

Everything you've ever wanted to know. This great "reference" work is designed not only to be consulted for facts but read for pleasure. It offers a reading experience wrought of poetry and bestiality, of sorcery and grandeur and primal awe ... a voyage backwards in time to the well-springs of man's literature, theatre, music, theology, architecture, and folklore.

From Oedipus to Siegfried. Here are the animal-headed deities of Egypt... the planetary divinities of Babylonia... the uncensored family history of the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome (including the stories Bulfinch didn't dare tell)... the licentious legends and rites of Phoenicia... the great pagan heritage of the Celts and Norse and Slavs... the strange shamanistic cults of the ancient Magyars and Finns... the mysteries of Mani, Mithra, and Zoroaster... the multitudinous gods, castes and epics of India... the exquisite legends that lie beneath the painting and poetry of China and Japan... the great mythic legacies of Negro Africa, the South Pacific, the Indians of North and South America.



LAROUSSE WORLD MYTHOLOGY is an example of the important reading offered regularly to members of the Hudson Book Club through selections and Bonus Books that save you an average of 50%. Limited quantities have been set aside for this special offer. It makes good sense to send for your copy today (at a saving of $20.00). If not delighted, simply return your order within 2 weeks and your membership will be canceled without cost or obligation.

Only 2 more selections need be taken within one year. If you wish to take advantage of the Club's current bargains, you may order any books you want at Members' Prices from the list at right. Or, take only the LAROUSSE WORLD MYTHOLOGY now and order your other selections later from the membership bulletin you will receive regularly. Act promptly while copies of the $25.00 LAROUSSE WORLD MYTHOLOGY are still available at $5.00.

You may choose your next selection from this list if you wish (or order later from any Hudson Book Club Bulletin).

MR. CLEMENS AND MARK TWAIN. By Justin Kaplan. The monumental biography of a double life. "A great book. The richest, most subtle and best sustained analysis of Mark Twain anywhere to be found."—**Howard Mumford Jones.** Illustrated.
List, $7.95. **Members' Price $5.95**

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS. Vol. II: The Original Thinkers. By Karl Jaspers. Ed. by **Hannah Arendt.** The great metaphysicians, from Anaximander to Spinoza and Lao-tzu, who played the dangerous game of thinking the unthinkable.
List, $8.95. **Members' Price $5.95**

ABU SIMBEL. By Wm. MacQuitty. Particularly handsome photo-and-text memorial to the artistic glory and legendary treasure of Ramses the Great's fabulous tomb-monument. 121 photos, 47 in full color.
List, $15.00. **Members' Price $7.95**

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X. "This marvelous book that is not a book but a man, a tragic, agonizing palpable man."—**The Nation.** 32 photos.
List, $7.50. **Members' Price $4.95**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BYZANTINE AND MEDIEVAL ART. Ed. by Rene Huyghe. The art of 1000 years in a highly prolific age. 416 pp., over 1000 illus., 63 in full color.
List, $17.95. **Members' Price $9.95**

LA BATARDE. By Violette Leduc. Best-selling autobiography lauded by Sartre, Genet and The New Yorker's "Paris Letter"—a poignant, blazingly frank **Succes de Scandale.** 506 pp.
List, $6.95 **Members' Price $4.95**

THE CIVILIZATION OF GREECE. By Francois Chamoux. "An important and magnificent book. To call it a 'must' is not an extravagant blurb but a simple truth."—**Theodor H. Gaster.** 229 illustrations.
List, $12.95. **Members' Price $7.95**

NIETZSCHE AS PHILOSOPHER. By Arthur C. Danto. "God is dead," he announced, and only today do theologians agree, "Reveals with skill and discernment the important strands of Nietzsche's wildly tangled skein."—**Brand Blanshard.**
List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

ETERNAL EGYPT. By Pierre Montet. A history of mighty Egypt—of Pharaoh, slave, empire and exotic gods. 172 illus.
List, $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

MARQUIS DE SADE. Ed. by Seaver and Wainhouse. De Sade's major works including **Philosophy in the Bedroom** and **Justine.** In their first complete, unbowdlerized English translation. 776 pp.
List, $15.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN ART. Ed. by Rene Huyghe. All the explosive genius of the 19th and 20th centuries—Impressionism to Pop Art. Over 1,200 illus. 56 in full color.
List, $20.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

THE NEW GOLDEN BOUGH. By Sir James G. Frazer. Completely revised and annotated in the light of recent anthropological discoveries. "Gaster's efforts enable one to appreciate Frazer anew."—**Clyde Kluckhohn.** 768 pp.
List, $10.00. **Members' Price $6.95**

POP ART. By John Rublowsky. First comprehensive exposition of the Pop Art movement. 205 photos by Ken Heyman, 41 in full color. 8″x10″.
List, $12.50. **Members' Price $7.95**

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. By Richard von Krafft-Ebing. The first all-English edition of a classic work on sexual deviation; over 200 case studies. 512 pp.
List, $7.95. **Members' Price $5.95**

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE ART. The monumental arts and beauty from the birth of modern man: da Vinci, Rembrandt, Velasquez, et. al. 1214 illus., 46 in full color; 8½ x 11½.
List, $20.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

REPORT TO GRECO. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Important lyrical autobiography and lifework summation by the author of **Zorba the Greek** and **The Last Temptation of Christ.** 512 pp.
List, $7.50. **Members' Price $4.95**

Henry Miller's ROSY CRUCIFIXION (Sexus. Plexus. Nexus). Miller's renowned 3-volume classic now complete for the first time in the hard cover Grove Press boxed set. "An epic work."—**Maxwell Geismar.**
List, $20.00. **Members' Price $9.95**

THIEF'S JOURNAL. By Jean Genet. Strange hymn to inverted passions. "I do not fear to call this book the most beautiful Genet has written."—**Jean-Paul Sartre's Fwd.**
List, $6.00. **Members' Price $4.95**

THE TREASURE OF OUR TONGUE. By Lincoln Barnett. A fascinating account of the English language and its universal importance today.
List, $5.95. **Members' Price $4.75**

MEMOIRS OF FIELD MARSHALL KEITEL, Chief of the German High Command in World War II. Written in prison just before the author was hanged at Nuremburg.
List, $7.95. **Members' Price $5.50**

THE DIVINE ARETINO. By James Cleugh. The debauched and brilliantly talented life of the gutter poet regarded today as one of the few great writers of the Italian Renaissance. "The greatest erotic writer in Christendom."—**Wayland Young.** Illustrated.
List, $6.95. **Members' Price $5.50**

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH COUPON

Hudson Book Club, 131 Varick Street, New York, N.Y. 10013

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Hudson Book Club. As my first selection, send me the LAROUSSE WORLD MYTHOLOGY @ $5.00.

If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return this order within 2 weeks and my membership will be canceled without cost or obligation. If I elect to remain a member, I need choose only two more books at Members' Prices during the coming year, and will be under no further obligation. Thereafter, every 4 books I accept from the Club will entitle me to a free Bonus Book of my choice.

☐ Also send me the following book(s) at Members' Prices.

_____

_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Please bill me for this order plus shipping charges.

☐ Remittance enclosed (Club pays shipping). Same cancellation privilege.

MR-123

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornell
UNIVERSITY PRESS

BOLD IDEAS • BRILLIANT SCHOLARSHIP

The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture

By DAVID BRION DAVIS

Professor Davis' study offers a panoramic survey of the contradictory ideas and practices that led to the great slavery controversies in Europe and America in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Skillfully synthesizing and analyzing a wide variety of source material, the author presents and defines the ambivalent attitudes toward slavery in the Greek, Roman, and early Christian periods, and compares slavery in various nations and historical periods. The first in a projected multivolume study of antislavery movements in Britain and America, this book will undoubtedly have a significant impact on the study of American social and intellectual history.
$10.00

Science, Man and Morals

By W. H. THORPE. Tells in nontechnical language how recent developments in biology, genetics, ethology, and biophysics are bound to affect philosophical, ethical, and religious views of man and his place in nature. In particular, Dr. Thorpe is concerned with the philosophical implications of the new knowledge about DNA and the genetic code. $4.95

National Unity and Regionalism in Eight African States

Edited by GWENDOLEN M. CARTER. Seven outstanding scholars provide a broad and integrated analysis of the historical, social, and economic background and the crucial political problems of developing African nations. How each state is attempting to create national unity among people with strong regional loyalties is discussed in depth. *Maps, 2 figures, 608 pages.* $10.00

The Waffen SS

Hitler's Elite Guard at War, 1939-1945

By GEORGE H. STEIN. This is the first major study in any language of the Waffen SS, the combat branch of the Nazi Elite Guard (SS). "Mr. Stein has set out to disentangle the history of the Waffen SS from a complicated network that included the Gestapo, the Security Police and the concentration camp guards. . . . [he] has done ample justice to his subject." — *N. Y. Times Book Review. Photographs and maps.* $7.50

Cornell University Press
ITHACA, NEW YORK

to observe the vaunted two-headed-dog operation, and was worried that any newspaper exposé of my arrest would abruptly suspend the infant exchange program even before it had a chance to prove itself, and might prevent my further visits to the other biologic and transplantation laboratories.

Although I was not physically molested by the state police during this arrest, I was grilled verbally, being questioned over and over again for several hours to the point of my becoming increasingly irritable and caustic in my replies to the Russian interrogators, and was subsequently grilled for another two hours on the evening before I left the Soviet Union at the end of my cultural exchange visit. I have many valid reasons to believe that I was the object of several agents provocateurs working for the Soviet police.

BLAIR O. ROGERS, M.D.
Assistant Professor of Clinical Surgery
N.Y.U. School of Medicine

To the Editor: Mr. Bailey is right about the bureaucratic obstacles to getting into Russian archives, but fails to point out that most of these obstacles have been overcome. He indicates that Americans are not allowed to bring their wives, though wives have been coming since 1959. Last year ten of the fifteen Americans at Moscow University were accompanied by their wives, and these couples were allotted twice as much space as their Russian counterparts. A few Russian students have brought their wives to this country. The Soviets have accepted not two but at least four American economists, including one now working in Moscow. The Lenin Library does not follow the practices Mr. Bailey describes.

Mr. Bailey's hints about espionage (about which there are "no reliable statistics") and other dark matters are too impalpable for criticism. However, when he states that "The majority of Americans in every Exchange Program have been subjected to at least one recruitment attempted by the KGB," I can reply that this is not true.

DANIEL FIELD
Russian Research Center
Harvard University

To the Editor: George Bailey's article is excellent. He has detailed well the behind-the-scenes action regarding the new cultural exchange agreement with the Soviets. This should be required reading for all serious students of international affairs today.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
United States Senate

To the Editor: I am deeply disappointed in the quality of "George Bailey's" article. This is an extremely one-sided view of the cultural exchange programs and of the balance of advantages to the American and Soviet

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catching up with Computers: A report from General Dynamics

Getting the facts faster:

Not long ago, weather satellites were transmitting hundreds of millions of bits of infrared data daily. With high-speed computers—and standard plotting techniques—fully processed data became available six months later.

By then the weather had changed.

A utility company found its customers increasingly annoyed at delays in answers to questions about their accounts. Even with its computer, by the time all records were checked, and an individual explanation written and mailed, sometimes weeks had passed.

Today, the infrared cloud cover information is available in map form within a few hours after the satellite has discharged its information. The utility customer can phone his query, get an explanation within one minute.

What has made this possible are *information-display systems* which translate data directly from computers into readily understandable form.

Shrinking to size:

Computer calculations can be made at speeds measured in billionths of a second. "Answers" can be turned out in millions of computer "words" every hour. But these miles of words must be reduced to manageable size before the "answer" makes any sense.

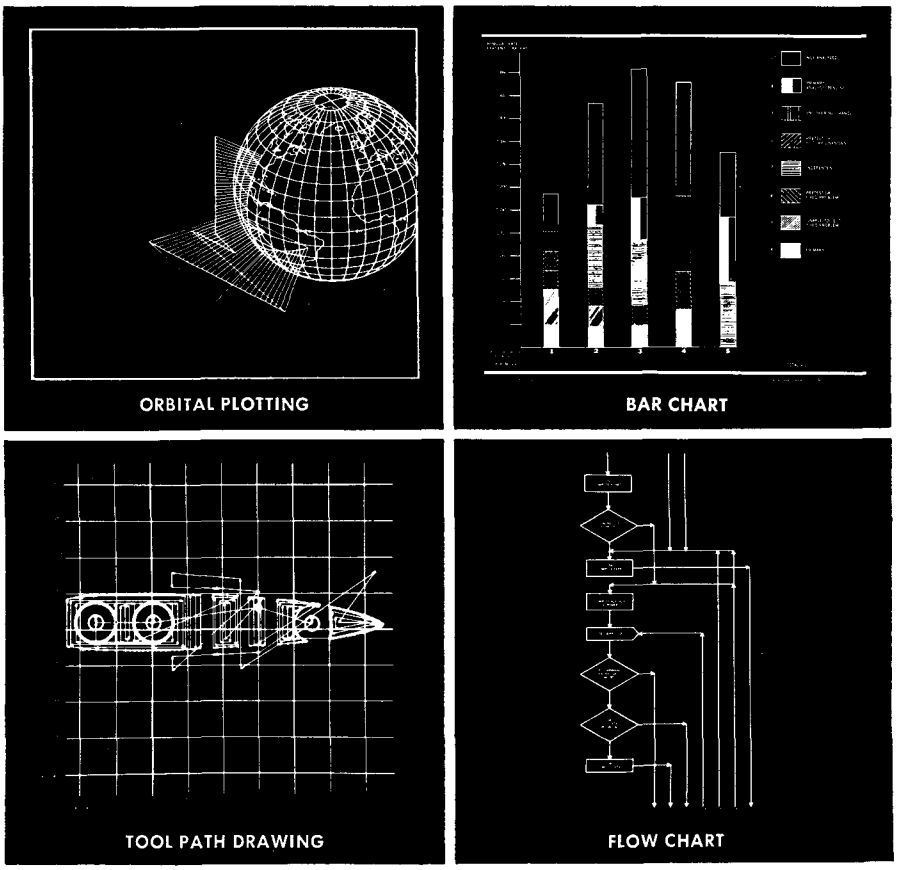
Now at the utility, the operator who receives a query simply punches the customer's account number into a keyboard connected to a central computer. Within one second, the customer's record appears on an information-display screen with a paper copy printed out if desired.

More complex equipment is helping hunt submarines, analyzing the radiation flux in the heart of a nuclear reactor, graphically showing the progress of a Gemini capsule in orbit.

The heart of the display systems produced by General Dynamics, through our Stromberg-Carlson subsidiary, is a specialized cathode ray tube.

Data from a computer are converted to "steer" a stream of electrons through a matrix into which up to 200 different characters have been etched. The beam, focused on one at a time, is shaped as it passes through the matrix. When this shaped beam hits the phosphor-coated face of the tube, the character is reproduced—in some of our displays as fast as 100,000 characters per second.

Equally important is the ability of the system to "draw" on the face of the tube. Each "word" in a computer answer may represent the location of one data point or of a series of points. Short straight lines connecting these points may be drawn in any direction at rates averaging over 10,000 points per second, cumulatively building complex diagrams, even circles perfect to the eye. Drawings once laboriously hand-plotted over days or weeks now often can be completed within one second.



PICTURES IN A SECOND, DRAWN BY COMPUTER-DISPLAY

Instant pictures:

The resulting words and pictures can be viewed directly, photographed on microfilm or printed out to provide immediate diagrams, tables, maps or charts. In fact, the computer-display systems have been used to make animated movies showing the probable behavior of a satellite in orbit and of shock waves in wind tunnel tests.

With company records in a central computer, the sales manager can get a detailed picture of the sales history of a product in any area, or the president, a financial summary—both in simple graphic form and within seconds after requesting the information.

Probably the most dramatic uses are "on-line, real-time" operations—showing what is actually happening at the moment. Consider one system being tested for local air traffic control.

A central computer receives up-to-the-second information on a plane's position, its flight plan, the weather and other conditions. Automatic devices in the plane transmit changes in position. Altitude, direction and speed are computed. The symbol representing the plane appears on the display screen. Next to it are letters and numbers indicating its flight number, altitude, speed and heading.

As the plane moves, its symbol moves across the display panel. As its speed and altitude change, so does the accompanying block of data on the screen. The controller can see at a glance exactly what planes are in his vicinity, their relation to each other and to his station. Possible trouble can be eliminated before it can start.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series may be obtained from General Dynamics, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STEP TO MAN

By JOHN RADER PLATT.

ISAAC ASIMOV comments, "I have rarely read any book with such a wealth of ideas, so refreshing a viewpoint, so hopeful an outlook upon the future, and so bright and clear an estimate of the importance of the interconnection of science and society." *F69118* $5.95.*

Also current and choice . . .

THE PUBLIC INTEREST: An Essay Concerning the Normative Discourse of Politics
By RICHARD E. FLATHMAN. *026301* $7.25.*

VOLUNTEERS FOR PEACE
The First Group of Peace Corps Volunteers in a Rural Community Development Program in Colombia, South America
By MORRIS I. STEIN. *082092* Prob. $7.50.*

DETERRENCE BEFORE HIROSHIMA
The Airpower Background of Modern Strategy
By GEORGE H. QUESTER. *070250* $6.95.*

ELECTIONS AND THE POLITICAL ORDER
By ANGUS CAMPBELL, PHILIP E. CONVERSE, WARREN E. MILLER, *and* DONALD E. STOKES. *W13340* $8.75.*

VOLTAIRE
By GUSTAVE LANSON. *English Translation by* ROBERT A. WAGONER *with an Introduction by* PETER GAY.
051720 Cloth $5.95. 051722* Paper $2.95.*

ORDER FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER OR USE THIS HANDY COUPON FOR DIRECT SERVICE

Mr. ROBERT C. DOUGLAS
JOHN WILEY & SONS, Inc.
605 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send me the following books on ten-day approval. I agree to pay for the books within ten days or return them in good condition. (Wiley pays postage on orders accompanied by remittance.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

***ORDER BY NUMBER**

Circle the order number of the books you desire:

F69118—Platt—MAN

026301—Flathman—PUBLIC

082092—Stein—VOLUNTEERS

070250—Quester—DETERRENCE

W13340—Campbell, Converse, Miller, Stokes—ELECTIONS

051720 Cloth—051722 Paper—Lanson—VOLTAIRE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latitude 43° 46' North . . . Longitude 69° 19' West

"TEN MILES AT SEA"

A small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island

THE ISLAND INN
MONHEGAN ISLAND
MAINE

Pictorial booklet R. Phone: 207-372-9681. Adv. res. Daily boat service from Boothbay and Port Clyde.

Your Postmaster recommends that the new 5-digit zip code number be included immediately after and on the same line as the name of the state . . . both in the return as well as the mailing address of all mail.

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #146

B	E	G	I	N	T	O	■	S	T	E	E	L	S
E	■	O	■	O	■	R	■	T	■	X	■	O	■
H	O	U	S	I	N	G	■	O	P	T	I	O	N
E	■	N	■	■	■	A	■	N	■	R	■	K	■
A	N	D	■	F	U	N	N	Y	G	A	F	F	E
D	■	E	■	O	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	O	■
S	E	R	B	S	■	F	A	R	A	S	T	R	A
■	■	T	■	S	■	E	■	A	■	P	■	A	■
S	C	H	L	E	S	W	I	G	■	U	R	B	A
U	■	E	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	R	■	A	■
D	E	V	E	L	O	P	M	E	N	T	■	R	A
D	■	A	■	A	■	I	■	W	■	■	■	G	■
E	N	L	A	R	G	E	■	E	X	P	L	A	I
N	■	U	■	G	■	C	■	R	■	A	■	I	■
■	R	E	M	O	V	E	■	S	P	R	I	N	T

Acrostician—

ROBERT WEAVER

sides. In view of the extremely high reputation of *The Reporter* for both accuracy and public service, I fear this article will undo a great deal of good that has been achieved since 1956 in this field and to which I personally have devoted hundreds of hours of effort. My own appraisal is very, very different.

It would have been an easy matter for "George Bailey" to consult with some of the people who have worked long and hard, and with a fair degree of success for the national interest, in this field. He could still have kept his own views, but he would have avoided many inaccuracies.

PHILIP E. MOSELY
Columbia University

To the Editor: To a participant in the Cultural Exchange Program between the Soviet Union and the United States from May-November, 1962, the article by George Bailey was of considerable interest. As the author points out, "administrative harassment" is the Soviet's customary manner of dealing with foreign residents and tourists. He substantiates this with a good example in the case of Professor Lewis S. Feuer. But just to balance the picture somewhat, let me say that during my four-odd months in Moscow I received every form of co-operation in making my visit worthwhile.

And yet beneath it all there is the sobering note that one is being watched, observed, one is on display. What is needed is an attempt at forming meaningful relationships with our Russian friends in order to understand their rationale. In this way perhaps we shall see the gradual dissolution of the invisible barrier which separates our two cultures.

W. A. BERGGREN
Woods Hole, Massachusetts

Given the nature of the subject, I am not surprised that George Bailey's article has aroused opposite reactions from a number of qualified readers. Some of them have found the article disturbing, and I am inclined to agree with them. So, I think, does Mr. Bailey. But we felt the job had to be done, even if a number of instances had to remain unmentioned or just hinted at. Yet assuming that there can be a two-way improvement in cultural relations with the Soviet Union, an effort of this kind had to be made. It should not be the last.

I am particularly sorry at what Professor Mosely, a man whom I greatly respect, has to say. Still, I am presumptious enough to think that The Reporter *has lived up to the standards Professor Mosely himself says it has established, and I take the liberty of contradicting him on one point: "George Bailey" is not a figment of our imagination, and I will be most happy to bring him together with Professor Mosely the next time he comes to New York.* —M.A.

FROM EUROPE'S IMPERIAL PAST

THE MILITARY BORDER IN CROATIA, 1740-1881
A Study of an Imperial Institution
by Gunther Rothenberg
Created by the Habsburgs to resist the expanding Ottoman Empire in the early 16th Century, the army of soldier-colonists on the Croatian military border preserved its function in the 18th and 19th Centuries by defending against the Turks and serving against Prussia. "This book is learned and well-written. There is no book in any language that treats this subject with the detachment Mr. Rothenberg achieves." —WILLIAM H. McNEILL
$5.00

THE CAREER OF LUJO BRENTANO
A Study of Liberalism and Social Reform in Imperial Germany by
James J. Sheehan
Although Brentano wielded little political power and was almost always in conflict with the government of the Second German Empire, his career paralleled its growth, politics and problems. Here is new light on the important German social and intellectual problems of the time: the relationship of Germany to England; the evolution of German liberalism; the role of the intellectual in politics; and the changing concepts of social reform from 1870 to 1918. $6.95

Inquire at your bookstore
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60637
Chicago and London
In Canada:
The University of Toronto Press

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS
The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night
THE COMPLETE BURTON TRANSLATION WITH THE COMPLETE BURTON NOTES, THE TERMINAL ESSAY, A COMPLETE INDEX AND 1001 DECORATIONS BY VALENTI ANGELO
VOLUMES I & II

THREE LUXURIOUS VOLUMES
INDIVIDUALLY BOXED
4,032 PAGES IN ALL

•

WITH 1,001 ILLUSTRATIONS
CREATED EXPRESSLY
FOR THIS EDITION
BY THE DISTINGUISHED
INTERNATIONAL ARTIST,
VALENTI ANGELO

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not for a generation have collectors of beautiful books been able to obtain the legendary three-volume Heritage edition of

The Thousand Nights and a Night

(THE ARABIAN NIGHTS)

Now, for the first time in twenty-one years, it is being re-issued... the original, unexpurgated translation by Sir Richard Burton *(complete with his celebrated notes and commentaries)*

$19.50 in bookstores
YOURS for only $4.95
with new membership in The Heritage Club

WHEN FIRST ISSUED by The Heritage Club, 20,000 copies of the boxed, three-volume edition of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS were quickly snapped up by members and other collectors of fine books. Out of print for twenty-one years, this exquisite set has become a legend in our time—totally unobtainable unless one is fortunate enough to lay hands upon a copy in the rare book market.

Now, to satisfy a new generation of Club members and collectors, the directors of The Heritage Club are re-issuing this legendary work. And, for a limited time, they have authorized this exceptional offer:

> The illustrated, individually slipcased, three-volume Heritage edition of THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT—in the complete, unexpurgated translation by Sir Richard Burton—can be yours for only $4.95, with new membership in The Heritage Club.

RICHARD BURTON—explorer, adventurer, writer, and linguist extraordinary—scorned what he felt to be the prudish hypocrisy of his native England. He spent much of his life in the East. He admired its naturalness and freedom from false shame... qualities reflected in full measure in his translation of THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT.

Every kind of story is contained in this collection. Though they come from the East and from a golden age, the wisdom in them is not the East's alone. The tales themselves are timeless, ignoring all frontiers. They form a huge treasure house of fiction—one of the great storybooks of the world.

TO COMPLEMENT the unexpurgated, complete Burton translation, the Club commissioned the gifted Valenti Angelo to provide 1,001 illustrations. His exotic drawings and decorations truly capture the spirit of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS and embellish the three volumes with rich, symbolic beauty.

AND THIS fabulous offer is only a beginning! With membership in The Heritage Club you will enjoy a *continuing* program of fine editions... editions that are the most admired popular-priced books of our day. Each Heritage volume is *custom-planned*—individually designed by a leading typographer, illustrated by a world-renowned artist, carefully printed on quality paper, and handsomely bound and boxed. No wonder that the Heritage standard in bookmaking has long been considered a beacon in a world of diminishing craftsmanship.

HERITAGE CLUB members save money, too! Though these books range up to $10 a volume in shops (THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT retails at $19.50), members *never* pay more than the special low membership price of $4.95 each. And there are no hidden "extras"—the $4.95 includes *all* shipping charges.

With membership in the Club's Thirty-first Series, here are the twelve great volumes you will be privileged to receive (one each month) at the LOW membership price of $4.95 each:

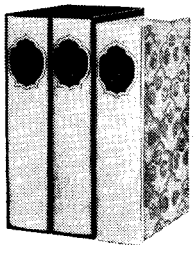
LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT PAINTERS by Vasari, in *two volumes*, in the definitive Foster translation, edited by Marilyn Lavin, designed in Italy by the famous typographer, Giovanni Mardersteig, and illustrated in full color with the work of the great artists of the Italian Renaissance; THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS, in the revised translation by Geza Vermes, with water colors and drawings by the Israeli artist, Shraga Weil; Jules Verne's A JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, illustrated with color gravures by Edward A. Wilson; TALES OF THE GOLD RUSH by Bret Harte, illustrated with color drawings by the popular American artist, Fletcher Martin; two plays by Bernard Shaw, CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA and THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE, illustrated with wash drawings in color by George Him; TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST by Richard Henry Dana Jr., with wood-engravings in color by Hans Alexander Mueller; Virgil's AENEID, in the John Dryden translation, illustrated with wash drawings by Carlotta Petrina; HARD TIMES by Dickens, illustrated with drawings in color by Charles Raymond; POEMS OF JOHN KEATS, selected and edited by Aileen Ward, and illustrated with color drawings by David Gentleman; Mark Twain's A TRAMP ABROAD, with color drawings by David Knight; and THE PRISONER OF ZENDA by Anthony Hope, with casein paintings by Donald Spencer.

Should you prefer another Heritage book to one or more of these publications, you will find in the Club's Prospectus (mailed with your Introductory Set) a list of some forty Heritage books-in-print from which to select substitutes. For example: DAVID COPPERFIELD, TOM JONES, WALDEN, STORIES OF O. HENRY...

WHY MARK TIME? The *postpaid* reply card bound between these pages is your key to the world of pleasure, beauty, and inward enrichment that awaits when you enroll in The Heritage Club. It also assures you a set of the magnificent three-volume ARABIAN NIGHTS (or THE HERITAGE SHAKESPEARE) at the special introductory price of $4.95. Please act *now!*

THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022

Or, if you prefer,
instead of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS,
The Heritage *Shakespeare*
The Complete Plays
Beautifully illustrated
Three volumes
Individually boxed
Yours for only $4.95
with new membership in The Heritage Club



REPRODUCED AND PRINTED ONLY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Anti-Anti

There seems to be no doubt now: we are in for a new experiment in containment aimed at establishing relations of tolerable coexistence with China. Unlike what happened when George Kennan launched the theory of Russia's containment, there is no originality of thinking this time, and no identifiable authorship. The new theory seems to be a pale carbon copy of the old one embroidered by signs of good will called 'containment without isolation.'

We have experienced the antagonism of the Soviet Union for such a long time that it has come to be considered as a tolerable substitute for friendship. There is not much doubt about who has been containing whom. We had become accustomed to Soviet delays and harassment well before the Sino-Soviet rift; from the time when our soldiers became the targets of Soviet weapons in Korea to the various Berlin crises, it has been an uninterrupted and habit-forming affair.

When the rift between the two great Communist powers actually occurred, the Soviet government perforce had to inflict heavier punishment on us by providing substantial assistance to a number of troublemakers and wars of liberation —or so at least some "realists" in our midst explained, on the ground that the Russians had to put up with the implacable criticism of China. To avoid being squeezed between the two Communist powers, a number of authoritative Americans reached the conclusion that we should try to establish the same relations with China that we have achieved with the Soviet Union.

It has been said over and over again, in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and by assorted thinkers-at-large, that the era of anti-Communism is finished. Inside the Communist international, pluralism, or polycentrism, has done the trick. In variety there is virtue and in diversity safety, even when both variety and diversity are found to be working in what used to be called a "monolithic" structure. The trite instance is Titoism, and even the Soviet Union, it is said, can no longer be described by that accursed word "monolithic." We would like to believe such claims, if only we could hear the opinions of Djilas on the one hand, and of Sinyavsky and Daniel on the other.

We have no use for any undiscriminating, thoughtless "anti" applied to ideas or modes of human organization, but for the "anti-anti" we have plain contempt: specifically, anti-anti-Communism applied wholesale, bent on forgiving what has been done or is about to be done in the name of Communism, be it trivial or tragic.

RECENTLY, two young Senators spoke on our relations with China. One, Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts, with reference to the most crucial problem, the rights of the people of Formosa should Red China be admitted to the U.N., said: "If a system of representation were devised which would allow a seat for mainland China and still preserve Taiwan's rights, it should receive serious consideration." This is a halfhearted echo of Secretary Rusk's two-China policy. Senator George McGovern of South Dakota repeated a few clichés about nationalism as a virtue in itself and went somewhat further on self-determination for the people of Formosa. While encouraging it, he said, "we should indicate our willingness to abide by the judgment of the U.N. as to a possible solution for the Formosan problem." This of course would take place after Red China had been admitted to the United Nations, and as if the self-determination of any people were not enough to decide its destiny.

The anti-antis are on the move, and Formosa has a top spot on their agenda.

—MAX ASCOLI

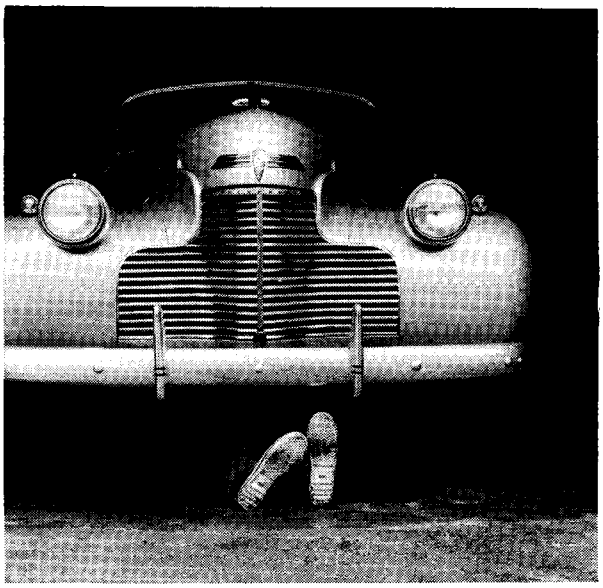
The Morals of Mynahs

"There is something disquietingly arbitrary," an editorial in the Washington *Post* observed not long ago, "about the action of Washington Zoo officials in placing a talking Mynah bird in solitary confinement just because of a slight want of refinement in its conversation." The *Post* was referring to an episode it had itself disclosed under the headline "Dirty Old Mynah Bird Embarrassing Zoo Officials." Apparently, two elderly ladies had been shocked to hear the bird expressing "a common Anglo-Saxon obscenity," and as a result he was summarily banished. Nor was any effort at rehabilitation even being contemplated, since it was the opinion of the zoo's Director of Animals that mynah birds, like elephants, never forget. Next to the story revealing all this was a photograph of the suspect. He looked quite unrepentant.

As dedicated civil libertarians, we would be inclined to chide the *Post* for the presumption of guilt imparted by its headline, had not its editorialists risen quickly and courageously to the occasion. Alone of the nation's allegedly vigilant press, the *Post* saw the threat to the bird's First Amendment rights (which Justice Black, after all, has declared to be "absolute"), the denial of due process under the Fifth Amendment, and the failure of the zoo's officials to judge the mynah's utterance by the standard for obscenity recently set by the Supreme Court—namely, were the bird's remarks "utterly without redeeming social importance"?

If the bird has been saying what we think he has been saying, it seems to us that there must be a good deal of social importance in-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Art Mayer–self-taught mechanic now teaches at a GM Training Center

He was the happiest boy in town when he landed a part-time job at the corner gas station. He wanted to be a mechanic for as long as he could remember. He wanted to learn all he could about cars and engines. And this was his big chance. He turned his part-time job into a full-time ambition. He never lost the desire to work on engines . . . or to learn more.

After serving as a helicopter mechanic during the war, Art joined one of the General Motors car divisions as a mechanic and soon worked his way up to Master Mechanic. Today, Arthur E. Mayer, Jr., is an instructor at one of 30 GM Training Centers across the nation, with a total annual enrollment of some 125,000 automotive mechanics drawn from GM retail dealerships. The "refresher" courses taught at these centers keep local dealer mechanics constantly abreast of new advances in technology and service methods.

Art Mayer is happy working with his students, helping to advance their knowledge and skills. He's a fine example of the kind of people that make GM go.

GM **General Motors is People**...making better things for you

REPRODUCED FROM BCA.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

volved, since a group of Berkeley students last year organized a whole political movement around their need to say that very thing and the British critic Kenneth Tynan performed the same service, single-handed, for BBC televiewers last year. So far, however, neither the Berkeley Free Speech Movement nor the ACLU has seen fit to protest the zoo's authoritarian action.

Since the *Post* struck its editorial blow for freedom, there have been new and even more alarming developments. A grandmother, Mrs. Anne E. Swipp, has written a letter to the editor declaring that the bird "behaved like a perfect gentleman" when last seen by her at the zoo and that he was in fact hollering "Let me out—let me out!" Furthermore, Mrs. Winnie Meiselman, who donated the bird to the zoo, has come forward to say that he learned the controversial expression from an Israeli sailor at a party she gave, during which party "everybody was a little high, including the bird." And it now turns out that there is even worse to report: the zoo has conceded that it doesn't know which of its mynah birds is the offender and that accordingly it has put not one but two mynah birds in solitary. They are, according to officials, "under close surveillance." Clearly, there is at least one case of false arrest involved here. And what about the Mallory Rule, which is being blatantly disregarded? Indeed, the whole current controversy over the rights of the arrested could come to focus on this tragic case, and we are at a loss to understand the ACLU's silence. Are not all rights and powers, other than those specifically delegated by the Constitution to humankind, reserved for all creation? Are they not, so to speak, for the birds?

In our view, the only promising aspect of this sorry mess is the wisdom and restraint shown by the prisoners themselves. Perhaps they have a keener understanding than the authorities do of the fact that they need say nothing at all—let alone confess—until they have been provided with counsel (*Gideon* vs. *Wainwright*). Or perhaps they are simply exercising their prerogative to say nothing that will tend to incriminate them—we just don't know. We do know that the reason the zoo has been unable to determine which bird is the offender is that ever since they were incarcerated, the four-letter Anglo-Saxonism has disappeared from their vocabulary. Innocent, three-letter "mum" has been the word.

Public Land, Private Profits

The strike of grape harvesters in Delano, California, who sought recognition of their newly formed union from the big growers of the area, reminds us that agriculture in the United States has lost most of its resemblance to the bucolic world of the farmer in the dell. This is particularly true in the West, where the holdings of some companies are on a viceregal scale and the "farmers" are called "agri-industrialists."

The efficiency of this type of farming is proved, but its legality is another matter altogether. In parts of the Central Valley and semi-desert districts of California, farming has become possible only because of Federally financed irrigation projects. Under the Reclamation Act of 1902, this water may not be delivered to lands in single ownership that exceed 160 acres. The purpose of this proviso, in Theodore Roosevelt's words, was "to prevent the big man, East or West, coming in and monopolizing the water and land." But the law has been largely ignored and today the AFL-CIO estimates that more than 900,000 acres of land receive Federally financed water in violation of the act.

The act also provided that owners of more than 160 acres could receive water by signing a recordable contract agreeing to sell the excess acreage within a period to be determined by the Secretary of the Interior and at a price not inflated by the availability of the cheap subsidized water. This proviso, too, has been widely violated, and in cases where land has been offered for sale, the price has been beyond the reach of the small farmers the law was intended to benefit.

The Department of the Interior, through the San Luis and Westlands projects in the Central Valley, is now planning to spend $500 million to irrigate an area in which seventy per cent of the land would be ineligible to get water if the Reclamation Act were enforced. Senator Douglas has called this "one of the greatest land steals ever attempted in the history of this nation."

Bringing water to the dry valleys of the West has created rich land that produces much of our fruits and winter vegetables. But the public has paid a high price. It has been estimated that the government pays about $1,000 more than it recovers to irrigate each acre of California's arid land, while the big landholders have seen property once worth $5 an acre go as high as $1,000 an acre with the delivery of water.

In Idaho, another conflict of old laws encouraging small homesteads is in conflict with modern farming methods. The Desert Land Act of 1877 allows homesteaders to claim up to 320 acres of desert land. In the past few years more than a thousand persons have filed as "entrymen" in Idaho. The government suspects that often their acreage was acquired with the intention of turning it over to large potato-farming operations. The Bureau of Land Management has investigated the possibility of breaking up the big farms and returning the land to Federal ownership.

According to Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, the question of the application of these old land and reclamation laws is undergoing "intensive review" in the department. A Public Lands Review Commission was authorized to study the situation more than a year ago, but it has only recently been organized. We hope that these investigations will result in the elimination of the present contradictions and permitted violations. It may be impractical today to insist on Theodore Roosevelt's ideal of the small farm. If the agri-industrialists can be brought to recognize unions and maintain decent wage and work standards for the industry and be made to pay a fair share of the costs of the publicly financed irrigation systems that have enriched them, their control of the Western lands may be no more oppressive than the concentration of control in other sectors of the economy.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New, from OXFORD in economics, political science, and the humanities

THREE WORLDS OF DEVELOPMENT: The Theory and Practice of International Stratification. *By* IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ. The only comprehensive analysis of the developing world in all its aspects — social, political, economic, military, and psychological. "To be literate in the area of international social studies will require a mastery of Horowitz's volume."— DR. ROGER WALKER $8.50

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT: Then and Now. *By* W. EUGENE HOLLON. "Captivating . . . brings to light a fresh and descriptive approach to understanding this vast American region, and is one of the most resourceful books to date on the subject. . . . Recommended reading." — SENATOR MAURINE B. NEUBERGER. "A pleasure to read. He is clear and precise and vigorous."— DR. JOHN CAUGHEY. $6.00

INPUT-OUTPUT ECONOMICS. *By* WASSILY LEONTIEF. "Second, only, to the development of the National Accounts . . . the most important modern development in quantitative economics has been the Input-Output system. This important and rewarding . . . book could not be more authoritative, for Professor Leontief is the principal originator of the system."— JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH $8.50

RICHARD STRAUSS: A Critical Study of the Operas. *By* WILLIAM MANN. The first exhaustive study in the English language of Strauss's fifteen operas, analyzing each work in detail. "An indispensable mine of information for anyone at all interested in Strauss."
— DERYCK COOKE, *Musical Times* $12.50

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS: Hawthorne's Psychological Themes. *By* FREDERICK C. CREWS. "Will be much debated and deserves to be. It rescues Hawthorne . . . from the critics who have found his writings a happy hunting ground for allegories, archetypes, myths, and assorted moralities. The book does . . . deliver Hawthorne to the Freudians, but the spirit of the study is searching and critical."
— WILLARD THORP $6.75

AMERICAN SCENES AND OTHER POEMS. *By* CHARLES TOMLINSON. Of Mr. Tomlinson's last collection, *A Peopled Landscape,* P. N. FURBANK wrote in *The Listener:* "More natural endowment, more technical adventurousness, and a more sure-footed sense of direction in his work . . . than in that of almost any of his English contemporaries. . . . He is a poet who changes and develops steadily." $3.50

MODERN CAPITALISM: The Changing Balance of Public and Private Power. *By* ANDREW SHONFIELD. "A remarkable book examining in depth the postwar economic policies and practices of Britain, France, Germany, and the United States."— *Foreign Affairs.* "The most authoritative treatment on the subject yet written."— GEORGE LICHTHEIM, *N. Y. Review of Books* $10.50

THE POEM OF THE MIND: Essays on Poetry English and American. *By* LOUIS L. MARTZ. This study probes a mode of poetry that consists primarily of a dramatization of the self, an interior action of the mind, an introspective quest performed "for the purpose of seizing and stating what makes life intelligible." The poets covered range from John Donne and Whitman to Theodore Roethke and Wallace Stevens. $6.00

FUTURE PERFECT: American Science Fiction of the Nineteenth Century. *By* H. BRUCE FRANKLIN. "Just to have all this material gathered in one book, especially since some of it has long been unattainable, would alone make the work invaluable . . . And for the science fiction fan, as well as the general reader . . . it is a rich harvest."
— MARK R. HILLEGAS, *Saturday Review* $6.50

THE NATURE OF NARRATIVE. *By* ROBERT SCHOLES *and* ROBERT KELLOGG. In providing an antidote to the current critical practice of judging all narrative literature by standards appropriate only to the novel, the authors examine the entire spectrum of narrative forms — oral, written, verse, prose, factual, and fictional. The resulting study enables the reader to bring a balanced approach to modern narrative. $7.00

THE COLLOQUIAL STYLE IN AMERICA. *By* RICHARD BRIDGMAN. As the 19th century opened, the American writer prided himself on his ability to write "like an Englishman," yet 100 years later he possessed a recognizably indigenous style. "Roots deep to show how American writers have become 'more American.' It is a pioneering book, an unsettler, exciting in its perceptions and discoveries."
— NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON $6.50

REFRACTIONS: Essays in Comparative Literature. *By* HARRY LEVIN. "One of the important volumes of criticism to have appeared in America for several years. It has unity in its variety, a rigorous and vigorous approach to literary questions but also flexibility, charm, and humor. There is no more penetrating mind at work today on both sides of the Atlantic than that of Harry Levin."
— HENRI PEYRE $7.50

At all bookstores

Oxford University Press New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case for Mobilization

HANSON W. BALDWIN

When President Johnson decided last July to intensify the war in Vietnam while trying to maintain the other U.S. commitments and without a limited mobilization of reserves, he accepted a calculated risk. The dimensions of that risk—shortages of some types of ammunition and supplies in Vietnam, depletion of military inventories all over the world, withdrawals of trained troops from Europe, Alaska, and elsewhere, and reduction of the strategic reserve of regular forces in the United States to training units—are now painfully apparent. Today, available U.S. military power is spread thin and the most powerful nation on earth has committed virtually all of its ready strategic reserve, with little available for emergency.

Last year, before the President's decision and repeatedly since then, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have privately asked for a limited mobilization of selected reserve units and individuals. When President Johnson decided nonetheless to attempt to meet the needs of Vietnam by an expansion of the regular services alone, both the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Congressional leaders concerned with military affairs assumed that if the initial buildup of U.S. strength in Vietnam during 1965 did not lead to peace negotiations by January, 1966, the President would invoke a limited mobilization during the current session of Congress. Instead, his new budget has asked, in an election year, for more money and more men for the regular services in support of a continuing buildup in Vietnam. The President hedged his position in February by stating carefully that there were no "present plans" to call up reserves. Secretary of Defense McNamara, however, explained to a Congressional committee that if our "opponents" widened the war in Southeast Asia, "such a contingency would necessitate at least a partial mobilization, including the call-up of some or all of our reserve forces and the extension of active duty tours." Later, authoritative Defense Department spokesmen said that the Secretary had meant only to link mobilization to possible emergency requirements *outside* Vietnam.

Senator John Stennis (D., Mississippi), chairman of the Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Armed Services, summarized the effects upon the Army of the calculated risk taken last year in a statement on March 30: "Under the 'one-Army' concept, our Army Reserve and National Guard forces have been structured in such a manner as to provide the combat support and combat service support units necessary for rounding out the Regular Army when the latter is committed to combat. Because selected units of that type within the reserve components have not been called to active duty . . . [Regular Army] divisions have been used, contrary to their intended purpose, as a personnel and equipment pool for units deploying to Vietnam and as an expansion of the training base. The resultant adverse effect upon their readiness is all too apparent." In short, the failure to mobilize has condemned the Army in particular, and the other services to a lesser degree, to what one general has privately characterized as "a slow and disorderly buildup," and to a "drawdown" on equipment stockpiles and inventories and on the readiness and experience level of regular units that is now entering its most severe phase.

The risks accepted last summer will be at their maximum between now and the fall. If things go ac-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cording to Pentagon hopes and plans, they should decrease as production contracts, awarded belatedly, start to refill diminished stockpiles and as draftees and recruits are trained and formed into new units. But progress in this direction is subject to three conditions, all of them beyond control of Washington planners:

¶ If the war in Vietnam does *not* escalate in numbers or supply requirements beyond present anticipated needs.

¶ If the South Vietnamese political situation does not degenerate into riots, demonstrations, and work stoppages.

¶ If there is no other crisis requiring troops elsewhere in the world.

These are very big Ifs indeed.

As most military men see it, mobilization is needed to provide a cushion against these risks, which many of them feel have become too great to be militarily acceptable. In their minds, the case for mobilization rests primarily upon the military requirements of Vietnam, and upon military, psychological, and political considerations in the United States and around the world.

The Logistics Gap

The present inadequacy of our military manpower and supplies in Vietnam has now been sharply emphasized by the political instability in Vietnam, by the aviation ordnance shortages and difficulties of supply that reduced Vietnam-based bombing sorties in March and April, and by the approach of the monsoon season and the concomitant buildup of Communist main-force units for an expected intensification of the war this spring and summer.

The key to all U.S. operations in Vietnam, as elsewhere, is logistics. But Vietnam, as an undeveloped country, required a disproportionate number of U.S. construction, support, and supply units to improve airfields and build new ones, to dredge harbors, and to construct piers, pipelines, ammunition depots, roads, warehouses, barracks, and all the other facilities essential to supply and support hundreds of thousands of troops.

Nearly all of the regular services' available military-construction and logistical-support units have been assigned to Vietnam. To help get the $750 million worth of construction jobs done as fast as possible, the government has contracted on a basis of cost plus a fixed fee of three per cent with a combine of four of the biggest construction firms in the world. Even so, despite the allocation of nearly all readily available U.S. military and civilian resources, many of the major projects will not be completed until this summer or fall, and the full program as now scheduled—and there are certain to be additions—will not be finished until the fall of 1967.

The strain that the tremendous requirement in Vietnam for construction, supply, and support units has put upon the services is well illustrated by the case of the Navy's Seabee (Naval Mobile Construc-

tion) battalions. There were ten of these in the Regular Navy when the Vietnam buildup started—about half in the Atlantic-Mediterranean area, half in the Pacific. Last year four, and sometimes five, of these battalions were in Vietnam at any one time; others rotated in relief from the West Coast. Late this summer there will be eight Seabee battalions in Vietnam. Four new battalions of raw recruits are being organized around a cadre of experienced men drawn from the existing battalions. They will probably not be ready for deployment until late this year. All fourteen Seabee battalions are now slated for eventual duty in Vietnam, Thailand, the Philippines, and other points in the Southeast Asia area where construction is essential.

Meanwhile in the Naval Reserve there are eighteen Seabee battalions, each with about twenty-one officers and 563 men. These are not fully equipped, but many of their men use bulldozers, welding torches, or the tools and techniques of the construction trades in their civilian jobs, and a large number of the reserve battalions could be made operational far more quickly and economically than new units raised and trained from recruits.

The Army in particular has suffered logistically because it has not been allowed to call up reserves. Its mobilization planning has always been based upon the assumption that the National Guard and reserves would furnish many of the units essential to support combat troops. The Regular Army in peacetime has never had enough support units to maintain an overseas army the size of the one in Vietnam for long periods; it counted on reserve backup. The services also feel they badly need more combat troops in the United States to replace units of the strategic reserve as they are transferred to Vietnam.

EARLY THIS YEAR, General William C. Westmoreland had scheduled a sizable buildup of support and construction units in order to sustain an increase in combat troops in the summer and fall, and, if necessary, more next year. So far he has got only a small part of what he has asked for and there appears to be no prospect of meeting his timetable for logistic support units. Yet the reserve and National Guard between them have on their troop lists twenty-three terminal-service companies for general stevedore operations—two to three times as many as are now assigned to Vietnam. There are seventeen reserve and two National Guard engineer-construction battalions for road, airfield, pipeline, and other construction work—four times the number now in Vietnam. Many other specialized construction and support units, from truck companies to medical units, are available on the reserve troop lists.

To be sure, the assignment of all

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

available construction, supply, and support units of the regular services to Vietnam, the efforts of the four great contracting firms, and the employment of thousands of Vietnamese have led to a tremendous improvement between last fall and this spring. Local stockpiles in Vietnam have been built up to a comfortable figure, ships are now being unloaded far more rapidly, and the huge tonnage of shipping that was backed up across the Pacific last fall has been reduced by more than seventy-five per cent.

But the worsening of Saigon's political instability brought on by Buddhist-inspired demonstrations and work stoppages made clear just how fragile the U.S. supply infrastructure in Vietnam is. In the Danang area Vietnamese laborers and stevedores quit work, and roadblocks and demonstrations delayed or halted trucks. When two ships with ammunition for the Air Force were delayed in unloading from five to eight days, the pinch was felt almost immediately at the Danang strip. Marines took over some of the work done by the Vietnamese, but they had to be diverted from combat or combat-support duties.

The plain fact is that thousands of Vietnamese are required to keep U.S. combat forces in action in Vietnam. The contract construction firms plan to employ at their peak effort forty-five to fifty thousand Vietnamese this summer; thousands more unload ships at Saigon, Danang, Vungtau, Camranh Bay, and other ports; and at every major installation in South Vietnam many others are employed in ancillary supporting services. So far, Danang has been the only port really affected by the new political troubles in South Vietnam. But that, in the opinion of the military, is sufficient warning.

The Uncertain Summer

The need for mobilization reaches far beyond problems of logistics. "Contingency planning" requires preparedness for a variety of eventualities. A contingency now only too clearly faced in Vietnam is the danger that civil unrest and electoral disorders might lead to military chaos in the Army of South Vietnam. If, for instance, a Buddhist government committed to neutralization or peace should come into power this summer, military countermoves by Premier Ky or other South Vietnamese military leaders might lead to a fractionalization of the army, with defection of some of its units and a sloughing away of others. If this situation were coupled with a strong Vietcong offensive, U.S. armed forces might well find themselves fighting for their lives. The armed confrontation that recently took place in Danang between the forces of General Ky and General Thi was an ominous reminder of the kind of military paralysis that could be repeated on a far larger scale and with possibly disastrous consequences.

One cannot forget that the South Vietnamese still provide about 700,000 of the million-man forces facing the Communists; and even though the fighting quality of some of the Vietnamese units is poor, our position in South Vietnam would be perilous without them. Hence sound contingency planning requires the allocation of ready reserves in Vietnam or nearby—reserves that do not now exist—to compensate for any major impairment of South Vietnamese military effectiveness.

In addition to the mobilization of needed logistical and support units, and enough combat units to reconstitute our depleted strategic reserve in the Western Pacific and in the United States, the Army would like to call up several of the reserves' training divisions. These units are organized to man replacement centers and to instruct recruits. All Army training centers are now jammed with draftees and volunteers. There are already almost 130,000 men enlisted in the reserves and waiting for six months' training. This backlog is increasing and existing Army facilities cannot handle it. Activation of several of the reserve training divisions would relieve the strain upon the Army, which must now call upon regular combat units to provide the training cadres for new recruits.

In sum, Vietnam has provided, in the opinion of virtually all of our military leaders, overwhelming arguments for a limited mobilization.

The problem also involves considerations that go to the heart of our society and institutions. The citizen-soldier or the militia concept—the idea that every citizen owes an obligation to his nation's defense—is part of our tradition. In Washington's administration, Congress passed a militia act and approved Article II of the Bill of Rights, which stipulated that a "well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed." The concept that every citizen has this right and the duty that devolves from it has descended legally and historically, with modernizing changes, to our own times.

A War with One Hand?

Since President Wilson called up the National Guard for the Mexican border crisis prior to our entry in the First World War, there has not been a war or even a sizable national emergency in which reserve forces have not participated. Citizen-soldiers in great numbers fought in the Civil War and the Spanish-American War. During the Korean War almost a million reservists were called to the colors, including eight divisions of the National Guard, two of which fought in Korea while two were sent to Germany to bolster our strength there. In 1950, at the start of the Korean War, the armed services claimed a total strength of 1,460,000 men and achieved a peak strength of 3,524,000 in 1953, of whom 472,882 were serving in Korea.

When the war in Vietnam was joined in 1961, the U.S. armed forces numbered about 2,500,000 men; they have been authorized to reach 3,093,000 men by July 1, 1967. Although there are already 255,000 men in uniform in South Vietnam—and the number will probably increase to between 350,000 and 400,000 by the end of the year—no reserves have been called. And today, in contrast to 1950, the United States is maintaining the equivalent of six divisions in Germany and two in Korea, plus smaller units elsewhere. Even in the non-shooting Berlin crisis of 1961, a total of 253,500 reservists were called up.

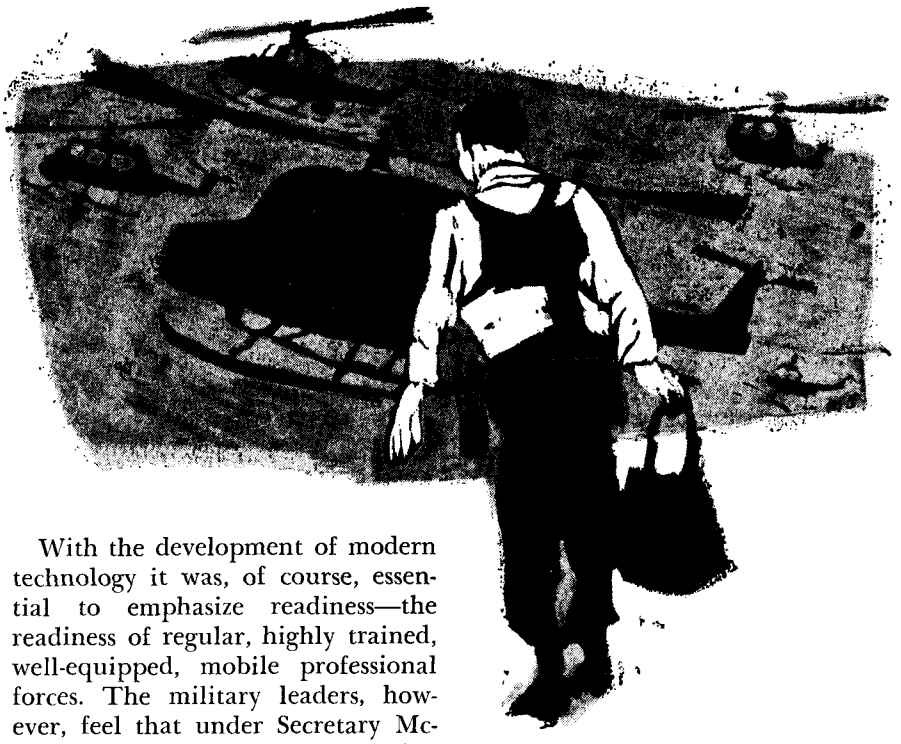
Some U.S. military leaders are increasingly concerned about the effects of the failure to mobilize upon military morale and military psychology. Any military commander worth his salt has a sense of emotional involvement with his men. He

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must never allow that involvement to become too great or he will crack up under the strain of casualties, but at the same time, like any good soldier, he must feel that the war he wages will accomplish something. Today, every commander in Vietnam has a nagging fear that he may have to live with the awful words "What was the use?" For it is clear to every perceptive officer, and probably to many of the men under him, that in this war our country is like a man fighting with one hand tied behind his back.

THERE IS a danger that a gulf may develop between the armed services and the body politic—the same kind of gulf, though of different dimensions, that developed from the French war in Algeria. Such a schism is primarily the outgrowth of frustration and a sense of separation from the values and interests of the home society. To be sure, the increasing use of draftees reduces to some extent the feeling of separation—of fighting a war without the full support of the nation. Last year the regular forces of the United States formed the backbone of the fighting forces sent to Vietnam. Now, more and more drafted men, or volunteers induced to enlist to avoid the draft, are going there. On the other hand, many of the draftees know that young men who have served with the regular forces only during four to six months of training, or who are waiting for that training, are now on the reserve rolls but have not been called up. Some of them feel that because of this draft-exempt status for the reservists and because of student and other deferments, the draft bears unevenly on many of the less talented or less privileged youths of our society.

Left-wing organizations have been quick to exploit any signs of tension or schism that unequal war burdens always produce; in time, the services fear that this sense of inequity will increase unless the reserves are called. If the reserves should ever be categorized, however unfairly, in the minds of many youths as a kind of protected elite, the political and social implications could have severe and long-term consequences to all our institutions.



With the development of modern technology it was, of course, essential to emphasize readiness—the readiness of regular, highly trained, well-equipped, mobile professional forces. The military leaders, however, feel that under Secretary McNamara the shift has gone too far, and that the potential of mobilization (particularly important in a limited, non-nuclear war such as Vietnam) has been downgraded to an extreme.

The average citizen may find it difficult to believe that disastrous consequences could flow from the failure to mobilize the reserves. Certainly such developments would not occur overnight. But the U.S. forces in Vietnam and elsewhere throughout the world almost certainly face a long "time of troubles."

The Price of Indecision

A final argument for mobilization is that it would have a major impact both domestically and throughout the world. For the first time the world would have an earnest of our determination to win in Vietnam. In the United States, first things would be put first: priorities—unofficial or enforced—would speed the production of ammunition and other war materials in scarce supply. Such a step would also help to reverse the tide of opposition in Congress and the public at large, and would promote national unity.

In the absence of a more positive policy, the public is understandably confused and increasingly impatient. Peace drives have been followed by escalation, soft words with more intensive bombing, talk about negotiation with warnings about a ten-year war. Indeed, in many quarters there is evident an increasing polarization of opinion toward winning at whatever cost or getting out. Opposition to the President's policies has perceptibly increased since last year. Last summer Congress expected and was ready to endorse a Presidential call for limited mobilization. As late as January many felt that such a request would have been approved by a large majority.

But indecision and delay have increased dissension and opposition in Congress, while public opposition even to the President's present limited-war policies has become more vocal and better organized. The price we are paying is a lack of political and psychological credibility for U.S. policies in Hanoi. Ho Chi Minh and the Communists believe that the United States will never stay the course, and that the Fulbrights and the Morses actually represent the opinion of the majority of the American people. Mobilization would go far to end all that, particularly if it were coupled, as it should be, with a clear restatement by the President of our limited political objectives in Vietnam and their relation to the paramount and long-term security interests of the United States in Southeast Asia.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Establishment Game: Nicholas Murray Butler Rides Again

PAUL SEABURY

"The Setling of a Nation may be made up of an Establishment, a Limited Toleration, and a Discreet Connivence."
—J. Corbet, Disc. Relig. Eng. (1667)

WHEN President-elect John F. Kennedy (B.S. Harvard, '40) chose Dean Rusk (A.B. Davidson College, '31) as Secretary of State in 1960, one perceptive Englishman expressed astonishment at another instance of American violation of elementary Establishment rules. In England, he said, it was unimaginable that a chief of government would appoint as his Foreign Secretary a man he never had set eyes upon before. Yet in America, though they had never met, the improbable duumvirate was formed between the son of a Cherokee County, Georgia, postman and the son of a Boston Irish financier-politician. A big country can range widely for its talent; and though it seemed to some disgruntled outsiders during Kennedy's thousand days that the White House dining room was an annex of the Harvard Faculty Club, that appearance was deceptive. How many, for instance, were aware that two such diverse New Frontiersmen as Robert S. McNamara and John Kenneth Galbraith were both students at the University of California, a West Coast disestablishmentarian factory that is more simply known as Berkeley?

The word "Establishment" itself is novel and unnatural in an American context. In England, its homeland, the term originally had strong hagiocratic connotations (hagiocracy: a form of government run by men deemed holy) and was associated with the hierarchy of the Church of England. But from the time of the Populists, at least, traditional American protest language has depended upon quite secular epithets. When Charles Lindbergh, Sr., protested against the Eastern malefactors of great wealth whom he accused of secretly leading the nation into war against Germany in 1917, he spoke of an Inner Circle and "invisible organizers." More recently, the late C. Wright Mills coined a brassier amalgam: "The Power Elite." Senator McCarthy used less refined expressions in denouncing the members of the conspiracy he claimed existed. "Establishment" emigrated to these shores from England only in the last decade as the indentured servant of William F. Buckley, Jr., for employment in the *National Review's* various post-McCarthy sallies against liberals and the administrations that hire them. Just last year, in his book *The Liberal Establishment,* one of Buckley's colleagues, M. Stanton Evans, painted a lurid picture of a powerful amalgam of CBS, Senator William Fulbright, and Hubert Humphrey. The Johnson administration, he noted, was filled "up to the scuppers" with Americans for Democratic Action. But the *ad hominem* opportunities afforded by "Establishment" have not been lost on spokesmen of the New Left. To these gentlemen (but hardly to the Messrs. Buckley and Stanton) its ranks are filled with hard-line "cold warriors," exhausted labor leaders, and dehumanized brain trusters.

The Unholy Communion

Though attention has recently focused upon Washington as the putative center of a new Hawk Establishment, not all would agree that there has been a break with a past in which foreign policy was more elegantly conducted. Professor Galbraith of Harvard (no longer of Washington), still regarded by Buckley conservatives as a member in good standing of a liberal Establishment, has revived interest in a New York group, allegedly an ancient dynasty of movers and shakers whom he regards as being of more significance than the Washington Experts, the Military-Industrial Complex, the liberals, or even the Harvard men. In a speech to a deeply divided Americans for Democratic

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Action convention on April 22 that was fraught with severe criticism of the administration's foreign policy, Galbraith pointed out once more what Buckley and McCarthy had also suggested long ago: America has a "permanent foreign policy establishment" controlled by a "New York foreign policy syndicate." This group,

from whose clutches he would like to rescue President Johnson, has, according to Galbraith, successfully survived the vicissitudes of many changing administrations in Washington and has managed to impose its orthodoxies on the conduct of American foreign policy.

In Galbraith's view, "the Dulles, McCloy, Lovett communion . . . has . . . provided the grace notes for American foreign policy for twenty years." However, its influence is traceable much further back into the dim recesses of time. Liberals, he argued, should "stand equally opposed to the divine right of wealth and the divine right in the field of foreign policy of Sullivan and Cromwell; Milbank, Tweed, Hope, Hadley & McCloy; Lucius Clay, Henry Stimson, Nicholas Murray Butler, and the more impeccably traditional members of the permanent foreign policy establishment." Mr. Acheson, he says, is a "latter day associate" of this group, and Mr. Rusk "I am sure . . . would wish to be associated"—a sly poke at a presumptive *arriviste*. What is principally wrong with the syndicate, he argues, is (shades of Senator McCarthy!) its "uniquely perceptive and aroused view of, as it always has called it, the international communist conspiracy."

Demonological attacks upon the makers of American foreign policy apparently come in cycles, like seven-year locusts. Sixteen years ago, Senator McCarthy in his Wheeling, West Virginia, speech launched another onslaught, this one in the name of Populism, against the same types of New Yorkers, then linked with such dimly remembered Manhattanites as Alger Hiss, Frederick Vanderbilt Field, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Philip Jessup, Earl Browder, and Nelson Rockefeller. "It is not the less fortunate or members of minority groups who have been selling this nation out, but rather those who have had all the benefits the wealthiest nation on earth has to offer. . . . The bright young men who are born with silver spoons in their mouths are the ones who have been worse [*sic*]." A shabby case was prepared by some right-wingers to show that certain law firms, the Council on Foreign Relations, the Carnegie Endowment, and other notable Manhattan institutions were actually centers, not of rabid anti-Communism, as Galbraith now claims, but of the international Communist conspiracy itself. (Needless to say, this complex, exotic legend is still retailed by the John Birch Society.)

Revising the Record

Unlike Professor Galbraith, McCarthy was shrewd enough to omit Nicholas Murray Butler from his scrawled list of supposed demons. This may have been due to the fact that he knew that Butler (once a confidant of Theodore Roosevelt) had disappeared from the scene of effective politics considerably before the Bolshevik Revolution became a matter of general interest to American voters. Indeed, Professor Lindsay Rogers of Columbia, familiar with the correspondence of the university's former president, does not think very much of Bu ler's influence on foreign policy even before the Bolshevik Revolution. During the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, his extensive correspondence with the President contains no reference whatsoever to matters of foreign policy. Even assuming that Butler signaled his orders by means other than ordinary postal services, it might be proper for a scholar like Professor Galbraith to explore the problem thoroughly before conferring such posthumous flattery upon a man who would have been all too pleased to receive it.

But what of the others accused by the late Senator and Professor Galbraith of wielding an overwhelming if quite different influence? How much control have the gentlemen-lawyers of Wall Street actually exerted on their deputies in high places? (A senior partner of Sullivan & Cromwell, when asked during the Eisenhower era what he thought about the activities of a member of his firm who was serving as Secretary of State, is said to have replied, "We view him with growing apprehension.") Their roles, and the role of such institutions as the Council on Foreign Relations, the Woodrow Wilson Foundation (started with the help of Franklin D. Roosevelt), and the Carnegie Endowment as catalysts of the U.N. Charter, the Marshall Plan, U.N. economic-aid programs, the devising of constitutional government in West Germany, the containment policy, arms control, and disarmament will perhaps be fully understood only by future diplomatic historians and historians of ideas, but what is already known about them does not seem to affect Professor Galbraith's view that the syndicate never espoused a liberal cause.

Probably—and at best this is based on inferential evidence—it could be said that some of Professor Galbraith's wealthy New York syndicate members (give or take a state or two: Acheson has oscillated between Connecticut and Washington) in their times had rather hard, non-ideological views on the nature of

the world they were "called" to deal with. From all that can be seen, Acheson, when he served as Secretary of State, was a bit patronizing to those Americans who saw the cold war as a struggle with an "international Communist conspiracy." "The part of wisdom," Acheson once told a group of college students, "is to be prepared for what

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may happen, rather than to base our course upon faith in what should happen. . . . Here you can be wrong only once."

In Acheson's view, rightly or wrongly, Communism was not the heart of the issue. As he remarked in 1950, "To say that the main motive of American foreign policy was to halt the spread of communism was putting the cart before the horse. The United States was interested in stopping communism chiefly because it had become a subtle instrument of Soviet imperialism." This view put Acheson and other members of the Truman administration at odds with intensely ideological opponents of the limited American policies they had devised to cope with Soviet expansion. Those who perceived the crisis of the cold war in crusading terms, among them the Communists, the fellow travelers, and the isolationists to the right of Senator Robert Taft, were opposed on principle to the thrust of Acheson's policy.

To say this is in no way to disregard some peculiar arch-Episcopal limitations on the perspective of men like Acheson; neither the Third World nor the United Nations ever excited much enthusiasm in such statesmen. (Once when Acheson was asked by an innocent whether he would have preferred being U.S. ambassador at the United Nations to being Secretary of State, he tartly replied that if he had only the first of these options, "like Seneca I would have retired to my bath and opened my veins." His views of the emerging nations were also skeptical; Acheson and others like him were convinced Atlanticists and remain so.) Such attitudes did not endear Acheson to some liberals, yet the positive and immensely constructive liberal elements in his program cannot now be ignored, or, in the interests of revisionist history, be rewritten into something they were not.

GALBRAITH offers a simple explanation of why the New York syndicate members, men "who have never raised their hands on behalf of any liberal policy in their life," are such rabid anti-Communists. Their preoccupation with the Red peril is a function of their pocketbook. "Communists," he says, "are casual about property rights . . . freedom [to the syndicate] means freedom to make money." But whatever else could be said of the men Galbraith mentioned, it is clear that Stimson, Acheson, Lovett, and McCloy saw that the issues involved in the cold war transcended the American system of private enterprise. In the great debates about the cold war, in which they once played an important role, the role of defending the property system fell to the followers of Senator Taft and to such conservatives as Charlie Wilson of the Eisenhower administration, among whom a pathological concern for private enterprise and fiscal integrity was linked with opposition to the very policies these "syndicate" members consistently advocated. As Taft and his successors often pointed out, policies aimed at an active American role in Europe to check Soviet expansion not only cost money (taxes)

but also threatened the nation with continuous centralization of power over the nation's economic resources. One might well see—as did C. Wright Mills—something in the conservative line of argument that liberals, too, might be concerned with. But it is a far cry from "property rights."

Acts of Faith

Aside from the validity of Professor Galbraith's argument about the cabalistic solidarity of his group, it is clear that the men he mentions, whatever their present or past influence may have been, did share certain judgments that set them apart from many other Americans, including some liberals. Most of them were convinced of the centrality of Europe, and Europe's fate, to the survival of America. It was the European, not the Asian, war of 1939-1945 that they deemed of prime importance. It was European recovery, not the containment of Communism in China or aid to non-western nations, that occupied their attention in the late 1940's. Their "internationalism" was principally concerned with America's "responsible" involvement in a Europe-centered system of world politics. They shared neither the chauvinistic nationalism of General Douglas MacArthur about America's "mission" in the Pacific and Asia nor the well-meaning Asia First aspirations of Chester Bowles and other liberals, which sought to shift American resources to developmental enterprises in the Third World. Like Stimson, many of those whom Galbraith enumerates preferred to see the cold war at its height not as an immense ideological confrontation but as a classic confrontation of power between national aggregates.

It may be that the concerns that brought these men to prominence are now irrelevant as central concerns of policy, at a time when seemingly it is America's relationship with non-European nations that requires careful reassessment. (There is a patronizing tone in some of Acheson's recent remarks about Europe and de Gaulle—he sounds somewhat like the doctor who cannot reconcile himself to the recovery of his patient—but this is another matter.)

In much of the current re-examination of the world and of American policy in it, politicians and political writers are now tempted to rewrite history in order to shape the future. There is nothing novel in this. Charles A. Beard, who frequently indulged himself in the habit, referred to it as "Written History as an Act of Faith." The object of historical analysis, he said, was to "influence the present and the future, in a direction that the historian considers socially desirable." (G. M. Trevelyan, on the other hand, said that the object of history was "to know and understand the past on all its sides.") Unfortunately, one way to gain an audience for a new idea is to stumble on an Establishment in a foggy night of national distress. It is a comfortable mode of catharsis. If They are so bad, and so responsible for it all, we Outsiders must be pretty good after all.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Raid on Castalia

MARYA MANNES

I WAS ASLEEP when the police came to Castalia. At least, I had gone to bed before eleven and was aware only at a dim level of consciousness of a great deal of noise and movement around the sixty-two-room house where Dr. Timothy Leary lived. The noise was quite different from the sounds I heard from his room above when I first fell asleep: music with a regular cadence, and the occasional shuffling of feet. I assumed that this noise was merely late party-making by the twenty-four other people spending the night there, and I remember thinking it must be very late and wishing they could be more considerate.

At some point I was conscious that the woman who shared my room had gone to the door to find out what was going on. She came back shortly and said, "The police are raiding us. They want to search us."

I got out of bed and started to put on my raincoat over my improvised nightwear of shorts and a sweater, but she said, "No, they want us to strip." A policewoman with a pleasant face who wore a red suit and carried a shoulder bag came in and we stood there naked while she looked at the inside of our arms and thighs for needle marks.

"I'm just a middle-aged square," I told her. She smiled and said, "So am I, dear," apologized for bothering us, and went out of the room. We learned later that while all the men's belongings were ransacked, only the women were stripped.

We slung on pants and tops and went out on the landing where most of the others were sitting or standing while state troopers and plainclothesmen passed back and forth, searching the maze of rooms for whatever they could find. Occasionally they would return with a paper box, a plant, or a package and take them downstairs. Once someone asked what was in a box, and the trooper said "Goodies!"

Leary was among us, in the jeans and light blue shirt he had worn all day, his bare feet dirty from

hours spent chopping down thickets and small trees in a fir grove back of the house.

"I was told they'd be around some time," he said, "and I've cleared everything out of the house. Anyway, if I were hiding anything, it would be in a place they couldn't find."

His sixteen-year-old son Jack sat on the landing near him with a sullen look on his handsome face. Sometimes he strummed a guitar or banjo. He was joined from time to time by a young man who improvised with him on his own guitar.

DURING the four hours on the landing of the main stairwell, guarded above and below by plainclothesmen and other troopers, seated or coming and going, we talked and drank cheap red wine from a gallon Leary brought up from the pantry or tea brought by others. We talked and waited and speculated and sometimes joked, but nobody thought it was funny.

It was nearly four in the morning before the police searched my room. In their haste to get through the sliding door they pushed me against a painting on the wall back of me. It fell with a resounding crash and knocked over the wine jug, which somehow on its downward hurtle nicked the upper lip of a young woman standing near me. Blood started to pour from under her nose, while dark wine stains spread on the green mat at our feet. She was taken to the bathroom and mopped up, and returned holding a wad of Kleenex to her mouth.

People were then taken downstairs one at a time for questioning. This intelligent and gentle young woman, who looked much younger than her twenty-eight years, was asked, among other things, "Have you had sexual intercourse here?" She said no, she hadn't, and told us later that she wondered what that had to do with anything anyway. Searching through her effects, they took her Vitamin A tablets, her Bufferin, and her prescription diarrhea pills.

The police took down our names and addresses, but asked of me only whether I was the one "that knocked down that picture." I said yes, it had fallen down when I was shoved against the wall. Why this should be the only clue of identity of interest to the law mystified me.

At about four-thirty we were all summoned downstairs and told to wait outside the living room. There Leary, mustering a smile, addressed us: "I have an announcement to make. We are in the hands of the Chinese and the Russians. But we have our own agents working too!" There was scattered and rather forced laughter.

Then we were told to congregate in the living room, where we sat on the mattresses and faced about twelve of the agents of the law at the far end of the room. One of them said, "Those of you whose names I will call off can leave the room."

A young girl who had seemed terrified all through the raid turned to me and whispered, "Then we're not criminals, are we? Does that mean

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we're innocent—we can go free?"

I said yes, not to worry. They called out all the names except those of Dr. Leary, a mystic from California and his wife, and a young New York photographer.

The rest of us left the room and most of us went to bed. Those who didn't waited to see Leary and the

others handcuffed and driven away. Some followed them to the Poughkeepsie jail, to get a last look at the former Harvard professor.

THE LONG NIGHT was preceded by a long day. Assigned by a magazine to interview Leary's eighteen-year-old daughter Susan, I had been driven from New York to Millbrook by the public-relations expert in charge of the Timothy Leary Defense Fund and the woman who is his partner. On the way up he briefed me on a number of aspects of the Leary case, speaking factually and knowledgeably, but with obvious affection and admiration for the embattled and legally embroiled proponent of LSD. His only critical observation was that Leary might be a little naïve: "A good man and a brilliant man, but not always realistic in his dealing with the world at large."

There was certainly nothing worldly about the place where Timothy Leary has lived for the last three years. Castalia, named for the foundation that supports his work, consists of several hundred acres of beautiful Dutchess County land once owned by a German named Dietrich, who not only imposed on it the most formal gardens, vistas, chalets, follies, fountains, and fir groves, but also imported two hundred Italians to build him a lodge, a summerhouse, and a portcullis entrance knobbled with native gray boulders. He also employed an architect to erect a huge wooden mansion of unparalleled ugliness—the nadir in turrets, porches, and fretted woodwork—as his own main residence. Here Dr. Leary lives, works, and on weekends receives a steady stream of visitors—students, disciples, observers, friends, and curious strangers. The doors are always open.

We arrived about ten-thirty on the morning of Saturday, April 16, driving to the back of the house and finally finding an entrance from the curving front porch. On the right of a bare entrance hall was what seemed to be the living room. I saw mattresses on the floor, on one of which lay a young man, on another a huge Great Dane. To the left was another bare living room, without mattresses but with a Victorian sofa on which were two large paper kites and a pith helmet with yellow ostrich feathers on it. Stuck on the newel post of the massive oak staircase was a stuffed tiger head with a large pink flower in its mouth.

The rooms—every part of the vast house—had the abandoned look of minimal, sporadic care: dusty, empty, disordered, totally depersonalized. As I later saw, nearly all the weekend visitors take a hand in sweeping, tidying, dishwashing, vacuuming, or cooking, but the ceaseless tide of human traffic defies order and cleanliness. The garbage bags are always full, the sink piled with dishes to be washed later, the floors tracked with outside dust, the closets bursting with cartons and junk, the icebox crammed with food.

The kitchen is the main core of the house, and I never saw it, at any time of the day or night, without at least five people sitting on pads and cushions around a foot-high round wooden table, eating. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner merged imperceptibly, and there was always someone to fry bacon, boil water, make biscuits, mix salad, or prepare the main dish—on this Saturday night a splendidly seasoned fish with all the trimmings.

WHO WERE all these people? Well, on this weekend of the raid, there were twenty-six of us, including Dr. Leary and his son, but not including the two teenagers and five little children belonging to three sets of visiting parents. The older ones were usually outdoors, jumping on the trampoline or exploring the woods or bicycling. But the toddlers—bright-eyed, fresh-skinned, and affectionate—were around us all day long, usually in the kitchen, all of them living together in perfect peace and amity.

This was indeed the prevailing climate of this communal household. Apart from the five or six "irregulars" like myself, most of the group at Castalia shared the qualities of affectionate calm, of above-average sensitivity and intelligence, and of mutual helpfulness. The loves of parent for child, of husband for wife, of most of them for Leary, were open and palpable. Only three of the visitors that weekend—all young and male—looked beatnik or withdrawn. Indeed, they withdrew, most of the time, into the woods or their own rooms.

Among the others were the fair and fragile young wife of a well-known bandleader (and mother of five), a young secretary and volunteer worker from Washington, a research psychiatrist working on a Federal grant, a documentary-film photographer, another photographer specializing in Polaroid research, two artist-designers, a dry-goods manufacturer, and a fashion editor on a national magazine for young women.

Most of the men and women at Castalia that weekend had, of course, taken LSD a number of times, and I overheard one of them—the young father with the pure and gentle face—describe to a non-user what he had felt on his last "trip."

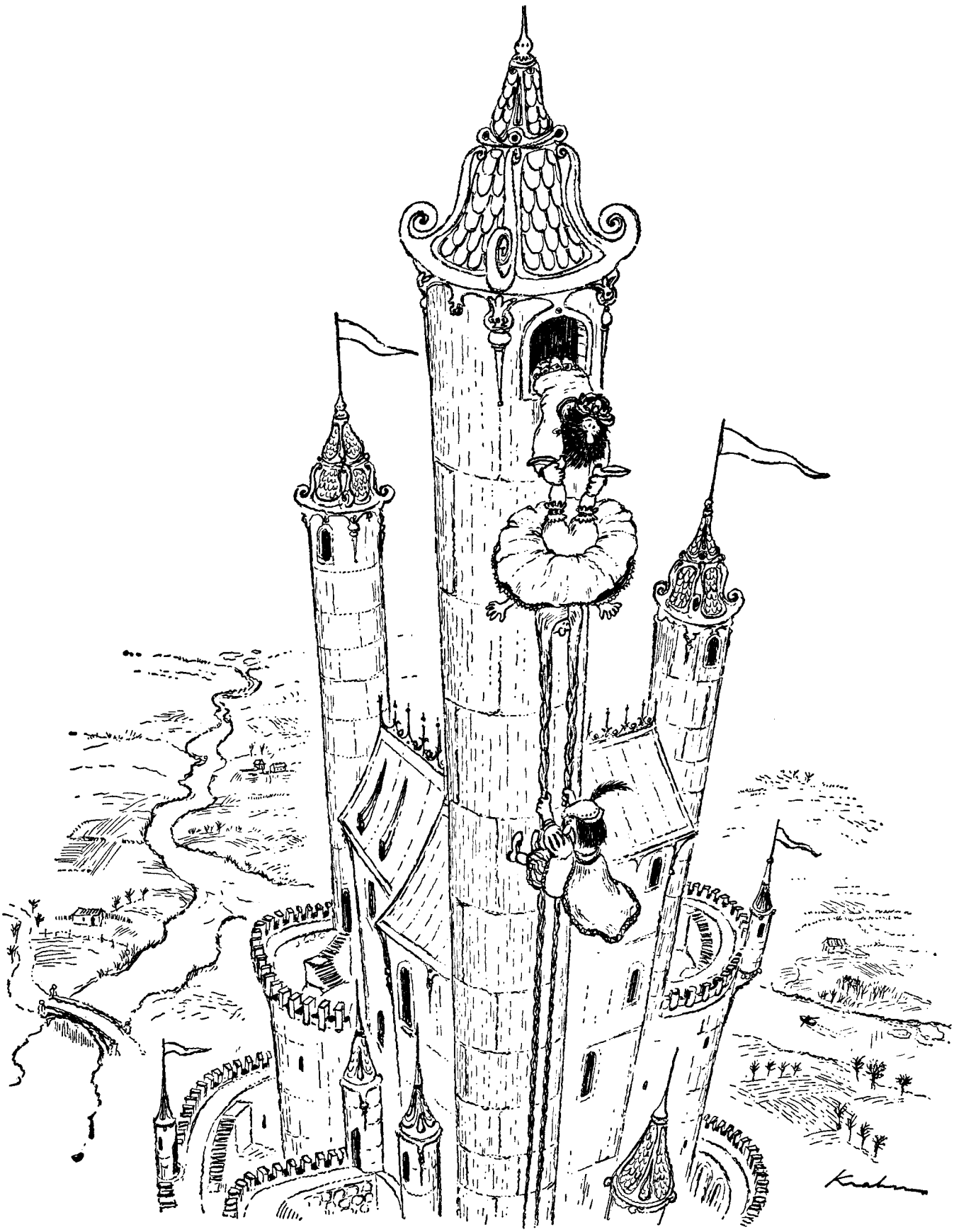
"It was so beautiful," he said. "I pushed back time and I pushed back space, and everything was filled with

love. You are part of this great love, part of everything. It was really a transfiguration, and it left me with an enormous sense of peace and unity. After it, I worked and thought better and more clearly than I ever had before."

Others agreed that it was a religious experience of a supreme order *if* you were prepared for it, *if* you wanted the right things from it.

Well and good, I thought. If a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By Fernando Krahn

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drug under proper circumstances did expand the spirit as well as the mind, did remove the hostilities so destructive to all of us, it would be as desirable as under the wrong conditions it could be dangerous. But what filled me with unease was the formlessness, the apparent lack of frame and reference, that seemed to characterize this community of experienced and intelligent users. How could internal purity coexist with external clutter, inward beauty tolerate outward ugliness? Was it enough to *be* without *doing*, to *feel* without *acting*? How could these ostensibly good people live in this hideous house even for two days without an immense urge to make it beautiful and clean with their own hands?

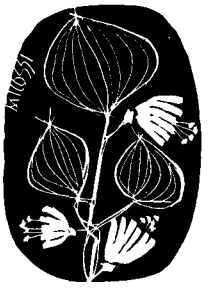
A mile away, on a hill outside the Castalia estate, I had seen a clapboard New England farmhouse, white and simple. Whatever their religious experience, those who built it did so out of their own sense of order and with full consciousness. Could this new breed evolve, through the taking of drugs, a new and equally valid tangible order? Until it did, perhaps faith should await evidence and the test of prolonged and rigorously controlled research.

Of this particular group at Castalia, only two could have been called esoteric or exotic. One was a blond-bearded man (later arraigned with his wife for possession of marijuana) who, we learned, was an Air Force major before he underwent a religious awakening and became a Hindu mystic. The other was a Tibetan monk.

The Tibetan monk came into the kitchen shortly after I had arrived, clad in long brown robes with a sort of loose coat over them. He was very tall with a shaven blond head and one blind eye—the result, I later learned, of an accident in India. Although he talked with an indefinable accent, he was an American who had left Harvard as a student, gone to India, and been converted to Buddhism by a Tibetan holy man. Now he lived at the Tibetan Lamasery in New Jersey. He seemed ill at ease that Saturday morning, very anxious to speak privately to Leary and then hitch a ride back to New York as soon as possible.

Leary later told us the cause of his anxiety. The young man had told him that he felt so full of negative reactions from the place that he had to leave. He told Leary that in the critical position Leary was now in, it was wiser—even essential—for him to give up his fight against the authorities and withdraw from his position of leadership in the LSD movement. "When two dogs fight over a bone," said the monk, "and one of them drops the bone, the other will drop it too and walk away."

Talking about this later, Leary said that he was inclined to concede the wisdom of this advice, but others said, "No, no, Tim, you can't do



that! We can't do without you, you can't just go to prison!"

Long before I heard of the monk's reactions, I was having my own negative charges. I took a long walk around the paths and hills of Castalia and wondered why. It was not the people, although in spite of their communal warmth there was a perceptible distance between them and an outsider like myself, due partly to a difference of generations and partly, I was sure, to the fact that they had experienced LSD and I had not.

One of the reasons for my feeling of anxiety, so strong that I too was on the verge of returning to New York that night, was, I suspected, a lifelong aversion to communal life as such, to the perpetual flux and talk, and to the sheer physical dreariness of the house. Before knowing where I was to sleep that night, I was shown at least twelve of the many bedrooms. Equipped with one recently occupied mattress, a chair, and little else, they filled me with middle-class dismay. The one I thought was destined for me had one wall painted over entirely with a huge slit-eyed Eastern idol, and the thought of sleeping or waking in its presence was not palatable. Fortunately, the library—large and book-lined, with two actual beds—was made available, although the events of the night made even such comforts rather irrelevant.

The house might not be to my taste, and the way of living in it not mine, but what really disturbed me finally became clear. It was something about Leary himself.

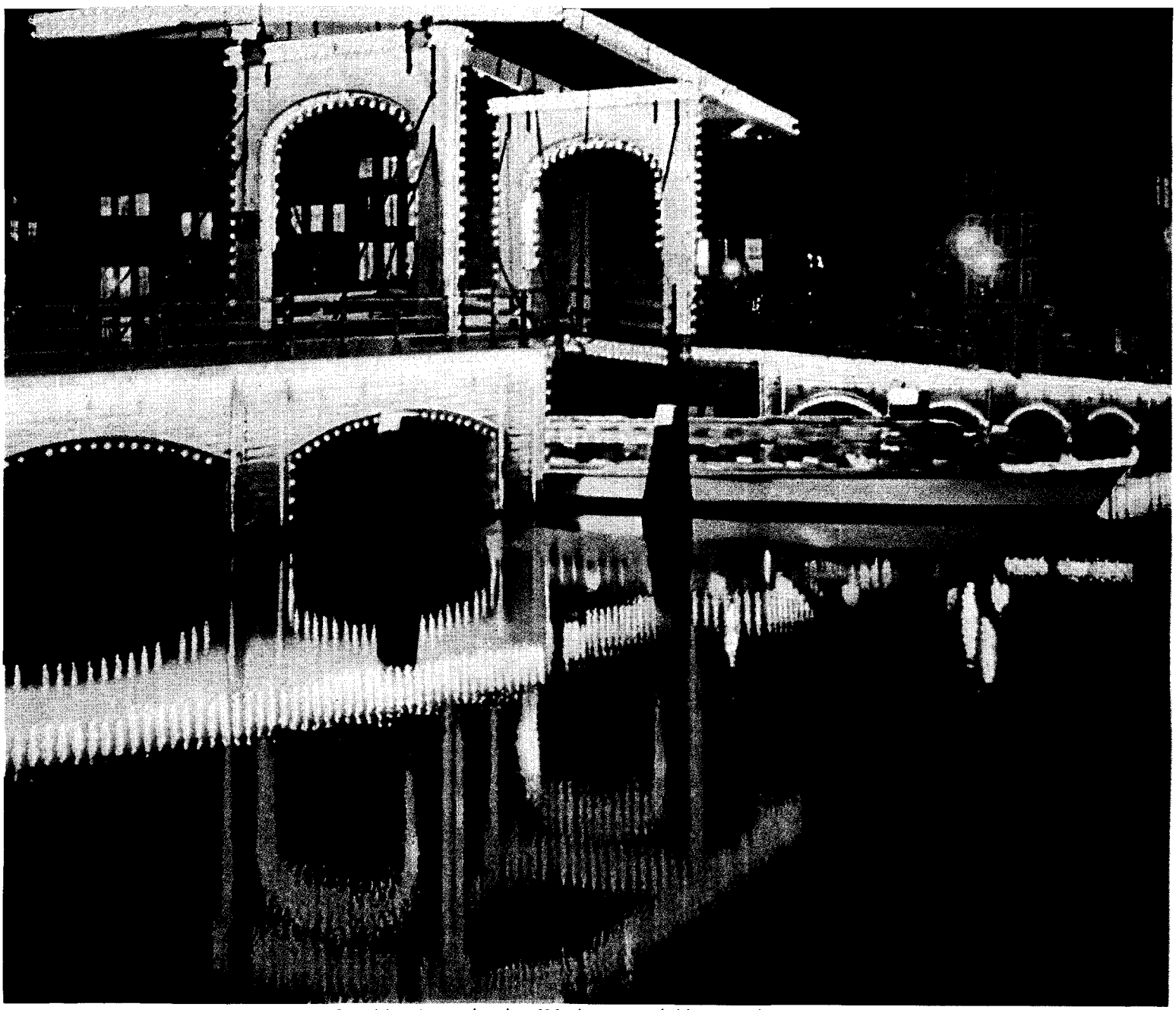
What? Here was a man in firm control of body and intellect, a man of wit, of courage if also of foolhardiness, of a wide range of knowledge. His well-worn library bore some evidence of this in its variety and scope: books on religion with strong emphasis on the Eastern faiths, psychiatry, psychology, extrasensory perception, history, anthropology, zoology, magic, geology; the works of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Freud, Plato, Toynbee, Maurois, T. E. Lawrence, William Blake; books on semantics, mysticism, plant growing. (By a window were boxes full of seedlings—pansy, phlox, alyssum.)

Leary, accompanied by men and youths with power saws and axes, spent most of that Saturday clearing out the center of what he called the "sacred grove" of tall firs not far from the house on a hill. In between, he himself did much of the tidying of the house, while assigning others to special jobs. He was courteous and watchful and never without a closely listening audience.

That was perhaps one clue to my unease: the feeling of cult, of master and disciple. It was intensified when he and his son Jack held a long dialogue, also in public; an exchange not only cryptic to the uninitiated but full of a kind of jargon I was beginning to recognize as common to the LSD group. What was essentially private dialogue, since it was obviously a father-son sparring, had become a public exhibition, somehow spurious.

Then too, that Saturday in the kitchen Leary played the tape recording of his interview the night before on the Barry Gray show on WMCA. He had been pitted against Dr. Donald B. Louria, chairman of the narcotics subcommittee of the New York County Medical Society, and others, in a long and sometimes acrid discussion on the implications of LSD

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Surprising Amsterdam has 636 picturesque bridges—another reason to start your trip in KLM's hometown.

"Our first night in Europe, we took the candlelight cruise of Amsterdam –with wine, by George!"

Many travelers say this is the most spectacular sightseeing cruise in the world.

As you board your glass-topped boat, you hear music. You sip a bit of wine, relax, and glide straight into the 17th century.

What a way to *start* Europe. You're meeting the Old World in the one city that still *looks* Old World—Surprising Amsterdam.

You'll cruise past miles of floodlit canal houses. See glittering flower barges. Pass *under* famous illuminated bridges. (Be sure to toast the Magere Brug, above—a landmark since Rembrandt's day.)

This "first nighter" cruise is only one Amsterdam surprise. For more, get KLM's *free* book. You'll soon see why Amsterdam is one of Europe's *four* most popular cities.

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

208-page guidebook. Get one free from your travel agent. Or, send 25¢ for mailing costs to: KLM, Box 1869, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

Name_____ Phone_____

Street_____

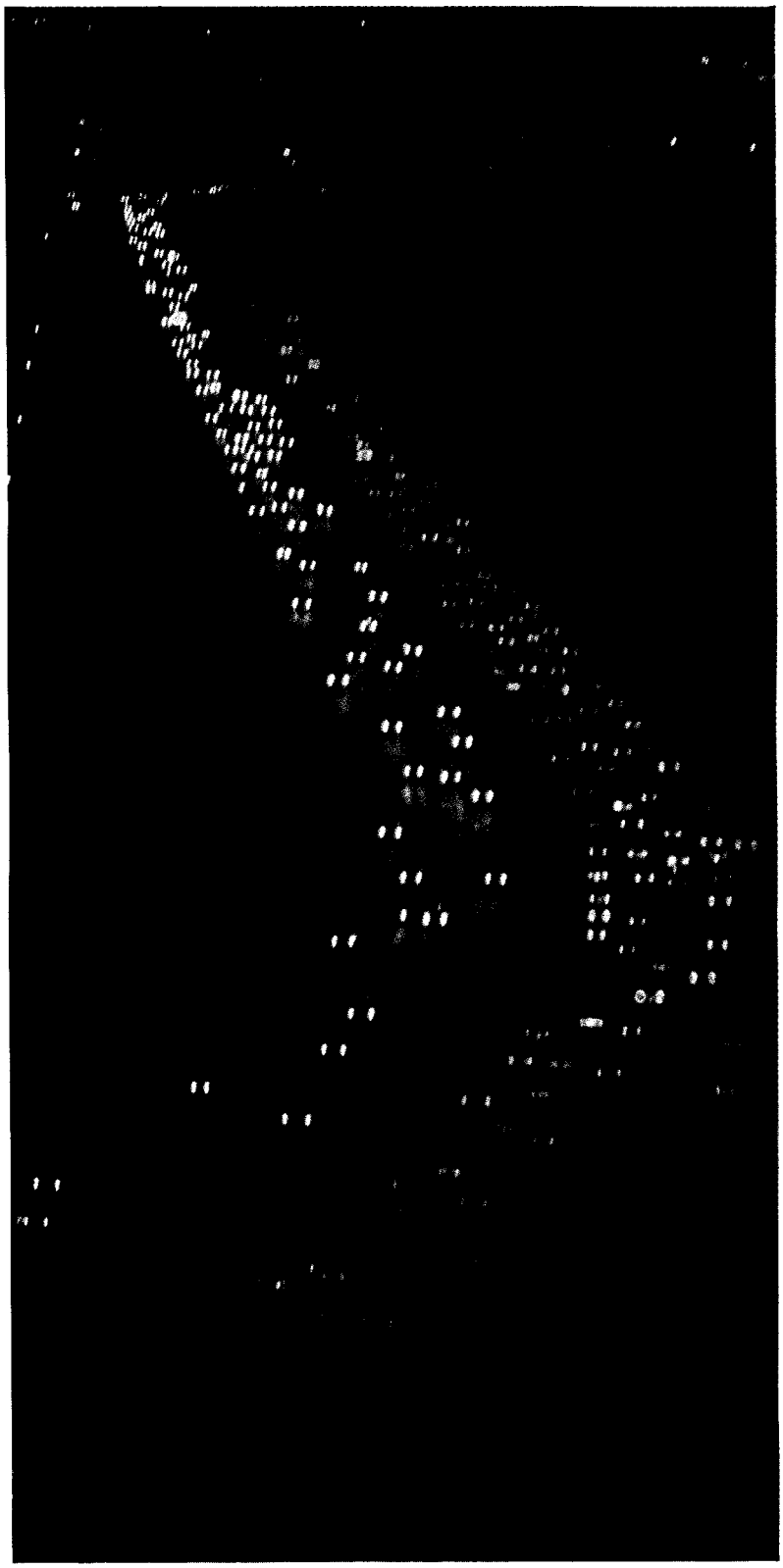
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

_____
(My travel agent is)

R-5

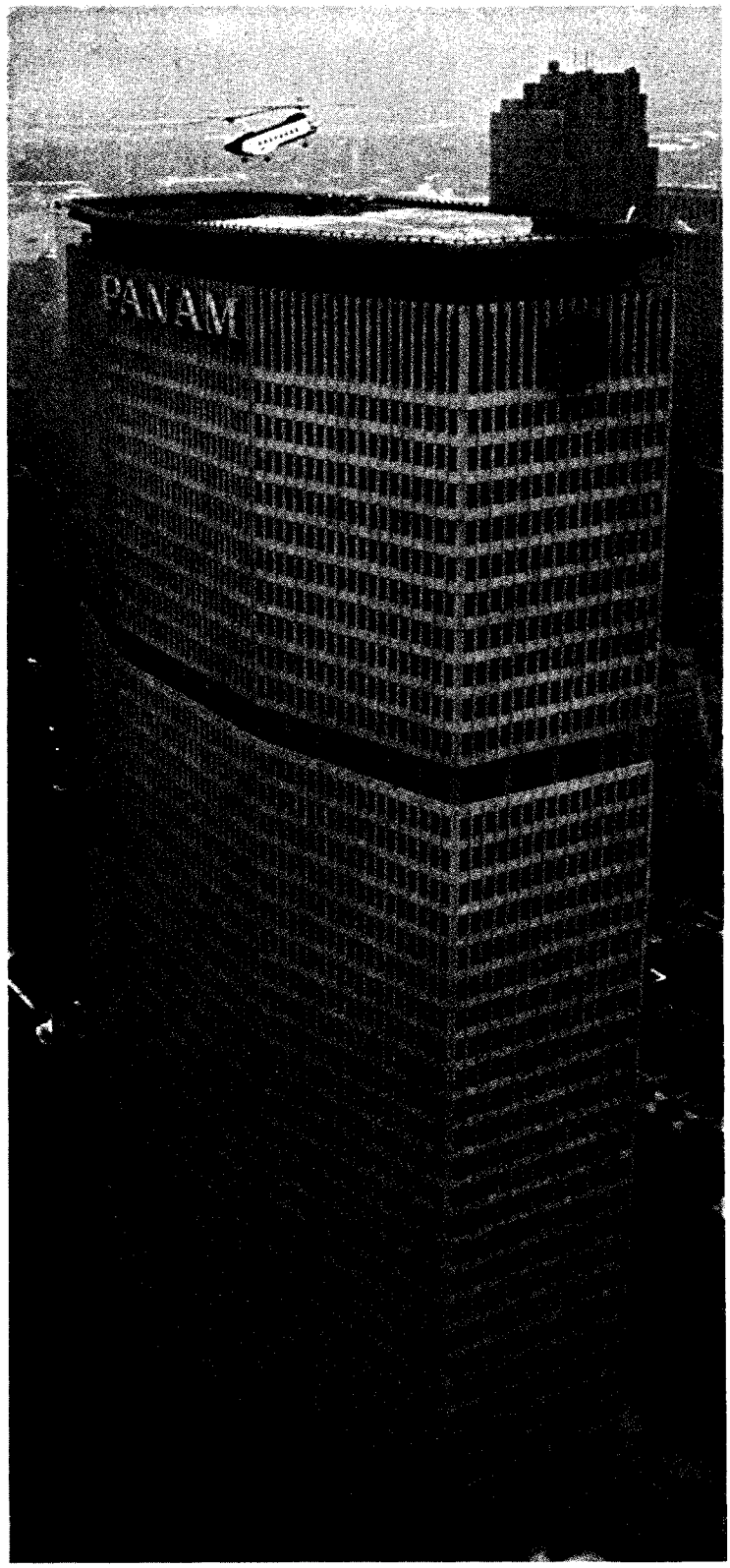
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Snarled traffic, snarling drivers. Who cares?



To help untangle traffic, G-E engineers developed closed-circuit TV systems to scan highways, permit central control of signals for smoother flow. Another helpful G-E contribution: efficient police radio networks to direct traffic.

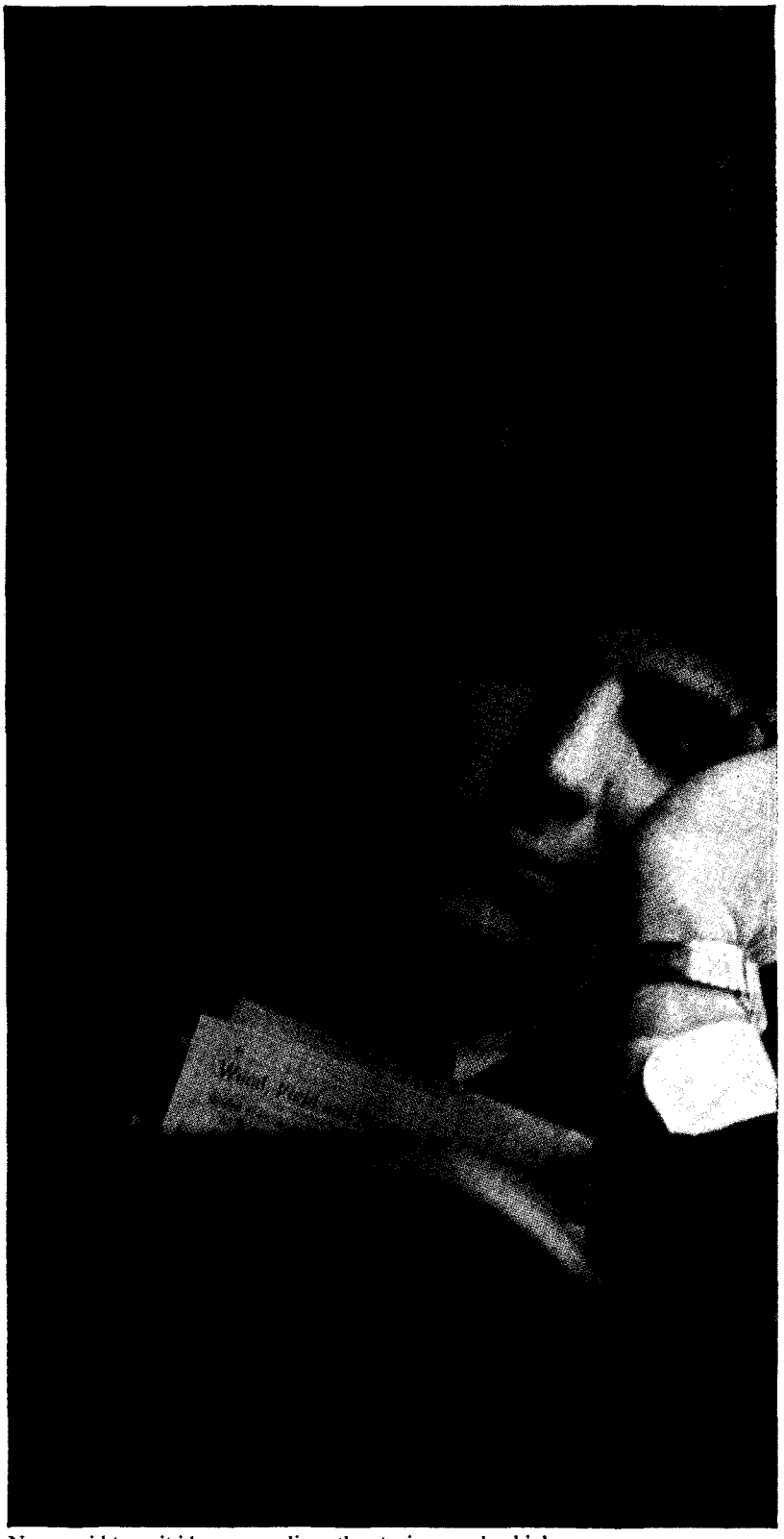
Big trip, little time. Who cares?



New helicopter service sharply cuts time wasted traveling to airports. In New York, G-E powered 'copter cuts a 45-minute trip to seven. In Los Angeles, from 50 minutes to ten. And the cost is about the same as taking a cab.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dreary commute, weary commuter. Who cares?



New rapid transit ideas can relieve the strain on suburbia's commuters. For San Francisco, G.E. has developed computers, radar controls and propulsion systems so trains can operate at 80 mph speeds—with a train every 90 seconds.

General Electric cares

(and we're working on better ways to get you where you're going)

Americans are "go" people. But the going's getting tougher all the time.

What to do about jammed roads and overburdened transit systems? At General Electric our scientists and engineers are coming up with some interesting answers.

If you live near water, you may, in the near future, travel to work on a ferryboat at speeds up to 70 miles an hour. A hydrofoil powered by G-E engines is now pioneering such a service. And don't be surprised if air commuting starts in your community. We're building engines for new vertical-takeoff and landing aircraft that may well be tomorrow's commuter vehicles.

For longer-range transportation, G-E engineers are now developing jet engines for 2000-mph airplanes that will shrink the world more than 50%.

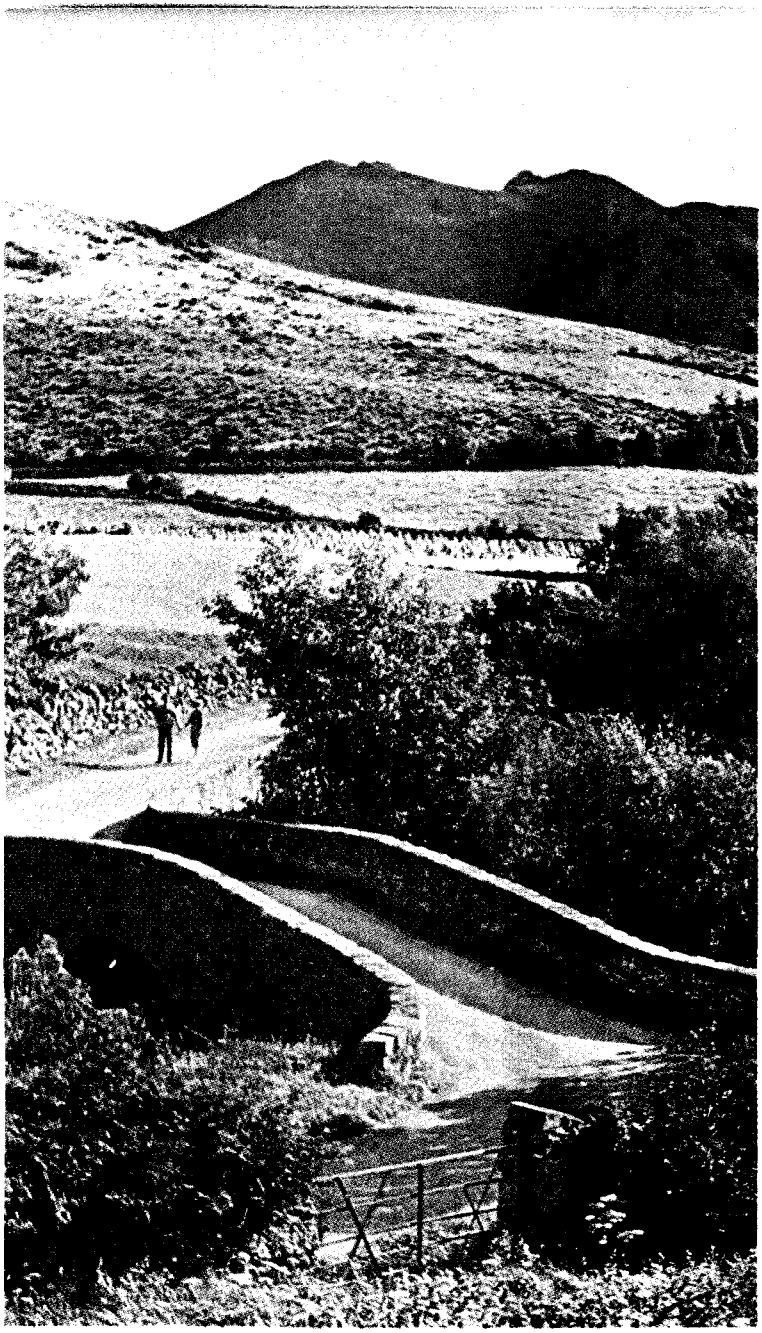
Ideas like these (and those at left) come from trying to serve our customers better. But the people at General Electric have another motive:

We want to get home from work faster, too.

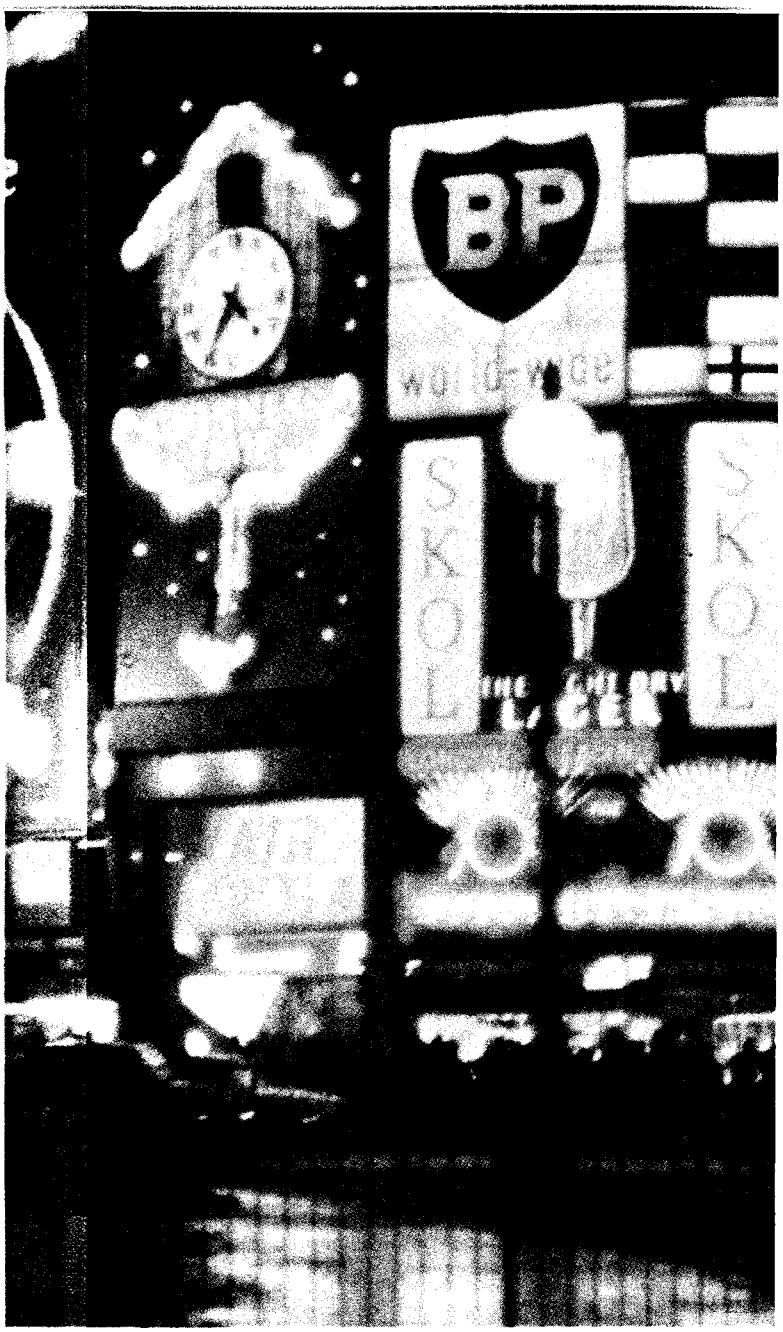
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



While away green country days...



whirl through gaudy nights in town.

Come to Britain—ancient & mod

The Mountains of Mourne shelter a green valley from the winds of time and change. Across the bridge and down the road lies . . . what? Come see.

Explore Britain. Browse its meandering lanes. Sample its inns, with their old-worldly charm and unworldly prices. (Bed and breakfast, about $4.)

Slow down. Restore yourself.

For what? For London's swinging world! There's The Showboat for music, Annabel's Discothèque for dancing. Or make the scene at the glittering Talk of the Town, where the show goes on as you dine.

Go from gamboling to gambling, in the world's most aristocratic old gaming clubs. And the most "with it" new ones.

Or see a show. There's plenty going on. London has twice as many theatres as New York.

Doesn't it sound great? It is. For a free 52-page color book mail the coupon. And see a travel agent.

This is a mailing label. Please type or use block letters.

British Travel, Box 923, New York, N. Y. 10019

TO:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

361

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British Travel: New York—680 Fifth Avenue; Chicago—39 So. LaSalle Street; Los Angeles—612 So. Flower Street; Also Offices in Canada.

and the problems of controlling its use. It was not so much the fact of playing the tape (for most wanted to hear it) but the content of Leary's arguments that somehow seemed facile in view of the charges made. To the others, however, each of his statements drew audible approval, while those of the opposition, measured as some were, brought impatient or contemptuous response.

It was an important argument: where can the line between individual right and public safety be drawn? Leary claimed that every human being has the right to extend his own consciousness, to gain insight into himself, to experience change, to reach religious revelation, provided he does this within the confines of his own home. His opponents conceded the right to private experience but doubted strongly that it was possible to guarantee that the individual undergoing LSD would *not* go outside his home, with possible harm to others. As to self-harm—and all, including Leary, agreed that taking the drug without proper preparation and supervision could be harmful—opinions varied sharply as to the incidence of such harm in relation to the numbers of its users. (A psychiatrist there told us that one injection of a certain substance could immediately alleviate violently adverse reactions in a subject; hence the required presence of a trained "sitter" or supervisor.)

Leary himself insists that LSD should not be taken by those not previously prepared and trained for it, and without this supervision. But he maintained throughout the program that the potentially beneficial effects of contemplation, examination, and revelation far outweigh the potential dangers.

"They don't understand," said the young father feeding his infant from a bottle while he listened to Leary's opposition on the tape. "They just don't know what they're talking about."

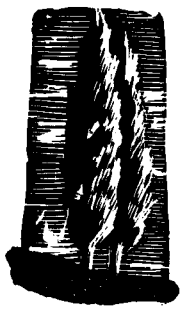
Yet, as I watched Leary listening to himself, my negative reactions persisted. Something was lacking, some essential element of leadership. Lacking to me, perhaps, but apparently not to those who had taken LSD, who sat at his feet, who gave him their unstinted loyalty.

Leary was certainly not sinister. He seemed an open—yes, a naïve—man, and perhaps his tragedy was that the very nature of the drug he had brought into such prominence had such strong appeal to those less responsible than he: not the group at Castalia but the young beats in the schools and cities, the unstable, the lost.

If there was nothing sinister about Leary, neither was there about the group at Castalia that weekend, or their activities on the night of the raid.

My roommate, a distinguished woman who, like me, was an outsider, never having taken LSD or been to Castalia before, told me of what they did after I had gone to bed:

"We all went up to the fir grove and sat in a circle around the bon-



fire made from the wood the men had cut down all day, and we sat there, just feeling very peaceful and happy. Sometimes we sang, sometimes we talked, or were quiet and just looked at the fire and up at the stars."

Then she too, some time after eleven, went to bed, and I heard from the others what they did in Leary's room—the one above ours—until the police broke in.

"We sat around in Tim's room," One man said, "and looked at some films M——— had made. They were in color and they were about several things. One was about parachute jumping, one was about water insects, and the other. . . . oh yes, it was showing kids jumping on the trampoline here. They were really beautiful—he used all sorts of slowdown and speedup effects and angle shots, you know; he took the kids from below, sideways, that sort of thing. . . ."

Then he laughed: "It was so sort of peaceful and pleasant I fell asleep. So did a couple of others, Right there, on the floor."

"But what about the music I heard from below?" I asked. "It had a strong beat. I thought you were dancing there."

"God, no," he said, "that was the sound track." Others told me this too, and one said, "Some orgy!"

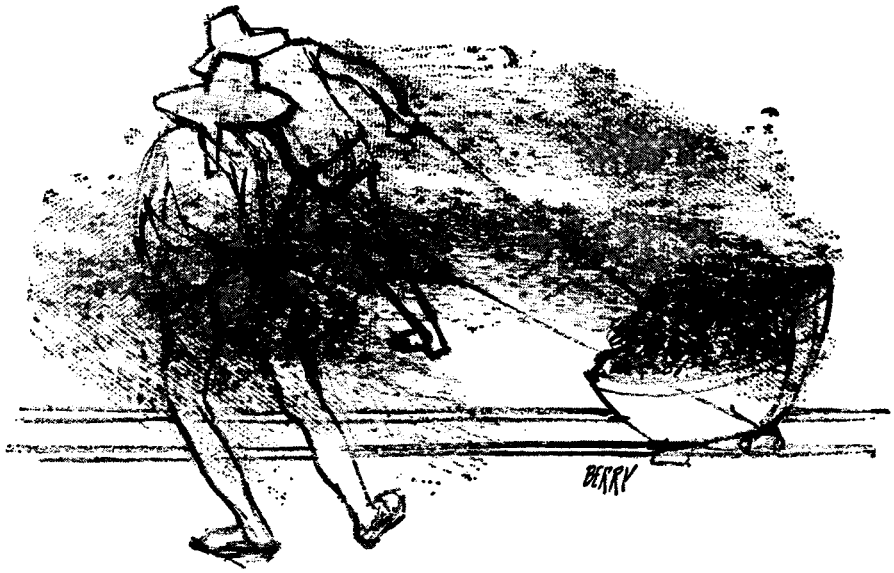
After the police came, all the group agreed that the troopers and sheriffs expected an orgy and found it hard to convince themselves that this time, at least, none had existed. They looked at the messy house, they looked at the mattresses and the clutter and the guttering candles and the human assortment with expressions that mirrored the aversion they must have felt as they compared it with their own tidy homes and the ordered life they knew. The mattresses alone were symbols of sin and depravity. It had probably not occurred to them that, quite apart from the shared belief, expressed at Castalia, that lying on the floor is natural and relaxing, conducive to peace, beds cost money and Leary didn't have any. Or that one of the reasons clothes were strewn on the floor was the absence of furniture to put them on or closet space to hang them in. The to me regrettable lack of an aesthetic sense in "free" people and the young was only partly responsible. "Things are not important," said an eighteen-year-old.

"I had gone to sleep," said one man, "when the troopers wrenched open the door, shouted at me to get up, and started going through everything I had. I was half asleep, but I knew they thought I was drugged and treated me like it."

Next morning over coffee and bacon, there was repeated talk about "Well, here we go—the midnight knock on the door . . . like in Germany" or "What kind of a world do we live in, anyway?" Or "the poor damn cops didn't have a clue."

The psychiatrist agreed, but maintained that on the whole the police had behaved very correctly. True, they expected to find much more than they got; true, they disliked intensely what they saw; but certainly, after all the well-publicized Leary troubles and LSD focus, the raid was inevitable.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Two Germanys And Two Chinas

JEAN EDWARD SMITH

THE ANNOUNCEMENT last March of West German plans to assist in the building of a steel-processing plant in China is the most recent manifestation of a long and carefully nurtured relationship. Since the early 1960's, German industrialists have been negotiating with Peking to expand trade with China, and the Bonn government has offered consistent support. Officially, Bonn follows a "no China" policy. It recognizes neither Peking nor Taipei, and the only trade agreement it ever made with either was a one-year pact with mainland China that expired in 1958. Nationalist China follows a parallel policy and recognizes neither German state—not from choice but necessity. Since 1950, Chiang's overtures to Bonn have fallen on deaf ears, and the Federal Republic has refused to elevate Formosa to national status. For the Communists the choice appears easier. Peking recognizes the German Democratic Republic and maintains an embassy in East Berlin. The East Germans reciprocate; they consider Formosa an integral part of China —with its legal government in Peking.

But appearances scarcely conform to reality. Because East Germany is irrevocably tied to Moscow, the Chinese Communists have sought to turn Germany's division to their advantage. Bonn has been wooed assiduously, and West German businessmen enjoy greater rapport with Chinese officials than do their East German counterparts. Last year East German trade with China had declined to one-fifth of that of the Federal Republic. Relations between them have deteriorated to the point where both Peking and East Berlin recalled their ambassadors for consultation last Christmas and have not returned them since.

The pending steel consortium arrangement, therefore, offers eloquent testimony to the enhanced status of Bonn's China trade. As negotiations now stand, a number of West European firms, headed by Demag—one of Germany's leading machine-tool makers—will construct two rolling mills in China. The total cost of the project is estimated at $170 million, of which $70 million will be guaranteed by the West German government. Surety for the remaining $100 million will be provided by the French and Belgian governments. If the arrangement goes through, it will result in the largest single enterprise ever undertaken in China by western industry.

NEGOTIATIONS for the project have been conducted over a period of three years. Following the withdrawal of Soviet steel technicians from China in the early 1960's, Peking turned to the West German steel industry for assistance. A Chinese trade delegation—consisting entirely of steel experts—visited the Federal Republic in March, 1963, and toured plants in the Ruhr. The visit was arranged jointly by the Chinese embassy in Bern and a committee to promote Eastern trade set up by the Federation of German Industries. As a result of this visit, Alfred Schultz, Demag's director for foreign trade, was invited by Peking to spend three weeks in China in November, 1963. Before leaving, Schultz received an official go-ahead both from the West German Foreign Ministry and Chancellor Ludwig Erhard's office. Since then he has kept in close touch with officials in Peking and has emerged as a leading advocate of West German trade with China.

Discussions with the Chinese proceeded fitfully throughout 1964 and 1965. Several smaller Chinese contracts were let—Demag received an order for five hundred "dippers" for transporting iron ore, and Krupp accepted an order for a steel plant capable of producing 1.5 million tons annually—but the question of long-term credit, conditioned by Washington's opposition, prevented the mammoth consortium from getting under way.

In June, 1964, Chancellor Erhard's press secretary, Karl Günther von Hase, had stated: "It is our policy to expand trade with China . . . but without any long-term credits and without any Federal credit loans. . . . The Federal Republic of Germany is not going to grant China long-term credits." This remained Erhard's policy for almost a year. When in March, 1965, the West German cabinet approved in principle the granting of credits to the East, although the inclusion of China in this category was never made explicit, most observers, including U.S. State De-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partment officials, interpreted this action as pertaining only to the nations of Eastern Europe.

Nevertheless, by late last year it was clear that West Germany was pursuing a more aggressive trading policy toward Peking. Exports to China had more than trebled since 1964 ($79 million vs. $25 million), and during the summer a credit of $15 million was extended by Bonn to China for the construction of several small factories in China. Encouraged by the precedent, in September Demag submitted to the West German Ministry of Economics a request for credit to the steel consortium.

The Ministry, though eager to lend its support, imposed three conditions. First, the products involved should not appear on the western embargo list prepared by the Economic Policy Coordinating Committee (COCOM). Second, the credit guarantee must not exceed the five-year maximum prescribed by the Bern Union—an association of credit-insurance companies established in 1934 to frame uniform international credit policies. And third, firms from other West European nations should be part of the consortium.

HAVING obtained the tentative approval of the Economics Ministry, Chinese representatives visited the Demag firm in Duisburg for final discussions in late 1965. The American embassy in Bonn was briefed by the West Germans on February 17, and a routine dispatch was forwarded to Washington several days later. In Washington, the dispatch was routed through the State Department's Bureau of Economic Affairs and sent to the Commerce Department, where apparently no danger flags were raised. The United States made no protest to Bonn. According to West German Economics Minister Kurt Schmücker, this was taken as a sign of consent.

The issue of advancing credits for the consortium came before the Erhard cabinet on March 15, and was approved almost as a matter of course. Two days later, details of the transaction were announced by Press Secretary von Hase. The granting of credits to China, he said, was "not a new development but is characteristic of our trade policy toward the East. We have always favored an expansion of trade with China. . . . You know that after 1960 trade with China decreased because of a more liberal credit policy by other countries. Even now we are not yet at the top. . . . I would like to emphasize that this transaction is not a new development. . . . This type of trade is economically desirable and politically acceptable."

The Gaullist Argument

The economic reasons for Bonn's dealings with Peking were indeed clear enough. Machine-tool makers throughout Europe have been suffering a prolonged slump, and the big Chinese order—with the implicit promise of more to come—offered a most attractive opportunity. Its political reasons, though less obvious, were more significant. While Erhard has always been conscious of Washington's misgivings, his government appears to believe that considerable political benefits may flow from improved relations with China. As a West German diplomat in this country said recently, "Our interests in the Far East are not so pressing to allow for any dramatic moves. Nevertheless, the question of Germany's relations with China must remain an element in our long-term thinking. At the present stage our policy cannot be defined. But it stands to reason that the Federal Republic may find many areas of agreement with China—particularly in terms of the division of Europe."

Stated less cryptically, the Gaullist argument that improved European relations with China will exert pressure on the Soviet Union finds considerable support in West Germany. After all, the argument goes, it is not Peking but Moscow that has twenty divisions encamped on the Elbe, and a revived China may force Russia to become more tractable. As one might expect, this argument finds greater favor on the Right than on the Left. But except for a few Social Democrats nearly all Bonn politicians agree with it. According to Free Democratic leader Erich Mende, for example, "The German-Chinese relationship is growing to our advantage because of the rift between Moscow and Peking. . . . I personally do not believe that the rift can be sealed. . . . Therein lies our chance—namely, that a sharpening of the Chinese-Russian conflict may in the long run result in an easing of tensions for the Soviet Union's European policy."

An additional reason for Bonn's interest in China involves the position of East Germany in the Communist orbit. As relations between the Federal Republic and Peking improve, the rift between East Germany and China widens. Walter Ulbricht, who apparently harbors ambitions toward the Afro-Asian world, finds himself increasingly denied Chinese support. Also the growing estrangement has meant a considerable decline in East Germany's exports to Peking. By 1965, these amounted to less than ten per cent of their greatest volume in 1958 ($12 million vs. $133 million).

The rift also poses ideological problems. The government organ *Neues Deutschland* now finds it necessary to attack the Chinese, and its criticism has sharpened in recent months. China was conspicuously absent from the list of "socialist" nations with which New Year's greetings were exchanged (though Albania was not); and in a signed article in February, Ulbricht accused the Chinese of "treason" to the socialist camp. By attacking the Soviet Union, he said, the Chinese were providing aid and comfort to the revanchists of the Bonn government. So much has the East German-Chinese situation altered.

Second-best Alternatives

The economic rapprochement between West Germany and China has not been without formal diplomatic accompaniment. Bonn's refusal to establish relations with Formosa had, of course, been observed in Peking. But it was not until China's split with Moscow that this refusal became meaningful. Chinese efforts at first were directed to luring East Germany from Moscow's tutelage; then by 1963, when the Chinese steel delegation visited West Germany, to playing both sides of the street. But the existence of a "fraternal" Communist state in East Germany interfered with Chinese relations with the Federal Republic. Only when Ulbricht came down resolutely on Moscow's side did the current flirta-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion with Bonn begin in earnest. Governmental contacts were established through the West German consulate in Hong Kong, and full-fledged diplomatic discussions began in Bern in the spring of 1964.

The Bern talks remain shrouded in mystery. Both governments conducted the exchange with the utmost secrecy. West Germany was represented by Assistant State Secretary Franz Krapf, the former head of the Eastern Department in the Bonn Foreign Office and recently appointed ambassador to Japan. China dispatched a special negotiator from Peking whose efforts were backed by what was then the largest Chinese diplomatic delegation in the West.

Discussions continued throughout May, accompanied by frequent public overtures from Peking and just as frequent wails of distress from East Berlin. Mao Tse-tung informed a visiting group of Japanese Socialists of an emerging "third force" between Moscow and Washington—conspicuously including France and Germany among its members. And in late April, Chou En-lai called for better relations with "countries having different social systems," and cryptically alluded to "the right of occupied nations to recover their lost territories by any means."

On May 3, 1964, Chinese Foreign Minister Chen Yi entertained a delegation of western journalists and announced that China was prepared to pursue an independent policy toward Germany. The question of "two Germanys," he said, would have to be reviewed in that light, adding that China favored "peaceful reunification." He also called for an exchange of official trade missions between China and the Federal Republic "as soon as conditions are ripe for it."

INDEED, the ostensible purpose of the Bern talks was to establish trade missions, although according to informed West German sources, the Chinese were pressing Bonn to follow de Gaulle's lead and establish full diplomatic relations with Peking. In return, Peking suggested, it would be willing to sever its ties to East Germany—or at least to reduce its embassy there to consular status. Such a course, however, would have put a severe strain on Bonn's relations with the United States, and thus the question of diplomatic recognition was out from the very beginning. All that Bonn envisaged was a formal trade agreement, similar to those which the Federal Republic had negotiated that spring with the nations of Eastern Europe, and explicitly including West Berlin within its terms. Apparently the Chinese were willing to grant this as a second-best alternative.

At von Hase's press briefing on June 5, 1964—the same briefing at which he had stated that West Germany would not extend credit to China—he artfully dodged questions on the possibility of a consular agreement: "We have not taken any steps in that direction; more I cannot say." Three days later von Hase was again questioned on the subject. This time he was less cryptic. "We are interested in expanding trade with China, and I say it again—nothing stands in the way of formalizing this through both governments, and not through private negotiations."

The following week Chancellor Erhard was in Washington for conversations with President Johnson, who reportedly pressed him at once as to what was contemplated in the Bern talks. Presumably the President explained to Erhard the difficulties for the United States should Germany formalize trade relations with China at a time when American forces were already deeply involved in Vietnam and an American election was imminent.

The result was a compromise. Erhard agreed to delay any formalization of the China trade. As a member of his party later reported: "Erhard was placed in a position where he had no alternative but to acquiesce. When the President of the United States asks the Chancellor for patience and understanding, what else can he say?"

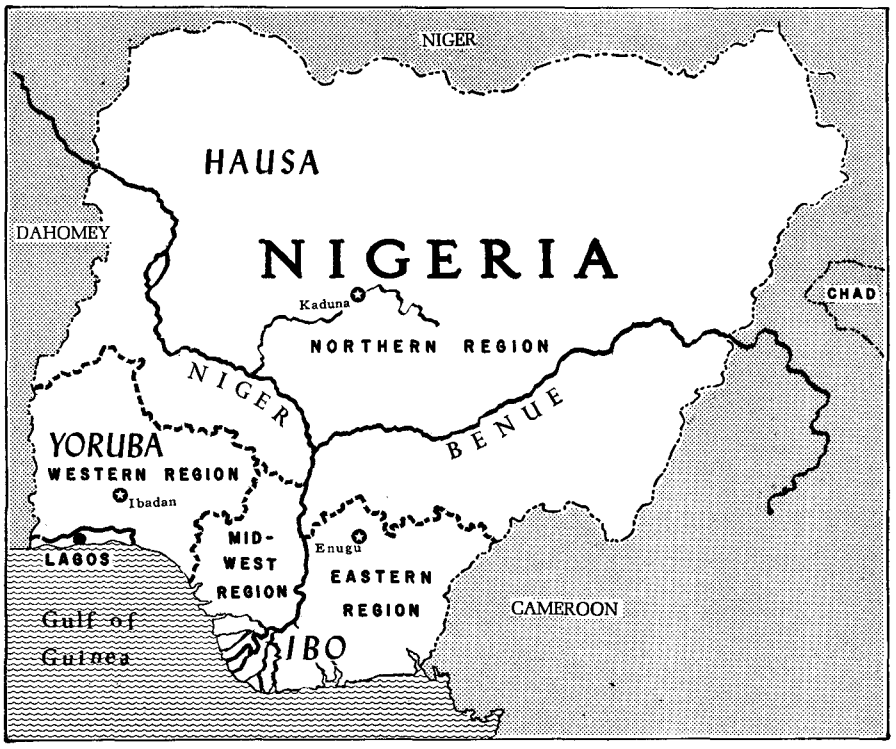
At his press conference before leaving the United States, Erhard made it clear that as far as China was concerned, he was only deferring to Johnson's importunings. Indeed, Press Secretary von Hase went out of his way to indicate that the delay in establishing formal trade relations was temporary. Such a delay, he said, was designed to serve a diplomatic purpose: the reassurance of Washington. "But the stream of history flows on." Erhard also turned aside all opportunities to denounce Peking's activities in Southeast Asia, and the joint communiqué ending the conference made no mention of Chinese aggression.

On his return to Germany, Erhard was attacked in some circles of his Christian Democratic Party for having dropped the "Chinese option." Party leaders felt that the Chancellor gave in too easily to Washington, and regretted Erhard's pledge not to formalize trading arrangements—a concession that most of them felt was unnecessary. By midsummer of 1964, Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder was stressing the desirability of a limited "goods agreement" with Peking, and Erhard once more was calling for a solid western stand on China—a stand that presumably would include the United States as well as France and Britain, both of which maintained full diplomatic relations with Peking.

IN NOVEMBER, a top official of the Bonn government indicated that new governmental contacts with China were in the offing. "Now that the American elections are over," he said, "we can move ahead with our dealings with Red China." It was quickly added that such talks would not begin until Erhard had explained his position to President Johnson. But as 1965 drew on, and the United States became more and more deeply involved in Vietnam, the West German government declined to go ahead in the negotiations with China. As Erhard announced in an interview in April, 1965, with the *Rhein-Zeitung* of Koblenz: "Close ties with China would not advance reunification, social progress, or peaceful coexistence. One shouldn't forget that Peking advances world revolution more than Moscow, and that Red China confronts our most potent ally—the United States—in East Asia."

Erhard's message doubtless was resented by some quarters in Bonn, but agreement was universal that the emerging special relationship with the United States should be preserved at all costs. For the time being, it was understood, West German business interests could be trusted to secure and expand the beachhead in China.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Can Nigeria Catch Up With Its Reputation?

CLAIRE STERLING

LAGOS, NIGERIA

IT USED TO BE that when the chiefs and people of Oyo in Nigeria's Yorubaland had lost confidence in their king, they would send him a gift of parrots' eggs, whereupon he would take poison and thus make way for his successor. The primitive custom was simple, democratic, and efficient—a lot more so, as recent events here have shown, than the ballot box introduced by the British.

Until last January, Nigeria was almost alone among the numerous new black African states in making apparently good use of the ballot box. Where democratic parliamentary systems have been breaking down with depressing regularity all over the continent, this country's parliaments were duly elected and run by Robert's Rules of Order, political parties prospered and multiplied, the press was free, the courts reasonably fair, the government stable for six years, and the gentle Prime Minister guiding his fifty-five million people, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, was regarded by the outside world as a model of wisdom and integrity.

Yet the Nigerians too have fallen victim to the African sickness, with a convulsive spasm that has shocked their friends abroad. When their army struck on January 15, it struck with a vengeance, killing all but two of its brigadier generals, all its colonels and most of its lieutenant colonels, the Premier of the Western Region, the Premier of the Northern Region along with his wife and a dozen retainers, the federal Finance Minister, and Sir Abubakar himself. The constitution and Parliament were swept away overnight, politicians ducked for cover, and the civilian government abdicated, handing power over to one of the two surviving brigadier generals. None of this seemed to distress the electorate. On the contrary, the young officers who led the revolt, though presently in jail, are national heroes.

They are not quite the heroes Ghana's military leaders became after deposing Kwame Nkrumah five weeks later. The Ghanaians danced in the streets when their army took over; the Nigerians simply welcomed theirs with a sigh of relief. Nevertheless, the relief was heartfelt. "You can't imagine how it rankled to hear our praises sung abroad," a Lagos editor told me, "while at home we were festering with corruption and vile political trickery. Thank God the rotten republic is dead."

After this final inglorious failure in what was supposed to be the most promising of African states, western democracy would seem to have reached the end of the road in Africa. The truth is, however, that Nigeria was never really as promising as it seemed—in fact, it could scarcely have been less so. When Major General Johnson Aguiyi-Ironsi agreed reluctantly last January to set up a military régime here, it was largely because he had served for a while as commander of the United Nations forces in the Congo. Having looked into the murky pool of Congolese politics, he could see his own country's image reflected all too clearly.

The Three Peoples

Nigeria is the size of France and prewar Germany combined, has the largest population on the continent (one of every five black Africans) and ninth largest in the world, a wealth of minerals and fertile soil, and an educated elite going back five generations. It should presumably be a viable nation, and economically it is. Politically and sociologically, however, it is little more than a geographical expression. Within its frontiers are hundreds of small tribes speaking 248 languages and dialects, and three great ethnic groups who have always hated each other: the Hausas of the North (twenty million), the Yorubas of the West (twelve million), and the Ibos of the East (ten million).

The confluence of the Niger and Benue Rivers divides the three groups physically and they are separated by formidable man-made barriers as well. The Hausas are Moslems of the most straitlaced medieval kind, semi-nomadic for the most part, dominated by powerful emirs, living in a closed authori-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tarian society, impermeable to change. The Yorubas, more casual in their religion (there are often Moslems, Christians, and animists in the same family), are sophisticated townsmen with a rich and ancient culture who have been clustered in flourishing city-states since around 500 A.D. The Ibos are devout "Christian Christians," far more ambitious, adaptable, and fiercely in-

dividualistic than their neighbors, living in sixty-nine clans scattered through humid forests. They have no tradition of centralized government whatever.

As usual in Africa, these disparate peoples were thrown together by an accident of colonial history. At the turn of the century, the British had been entrenched along the Yoruba and Ibo seacoast for forty years without giving much thought to northern Hausaland. Then France began to covet it and Britain's administrator in the region, Lord Frederick Lugard, rushed up from Lagos to get there first. Lacking the staff and money to run this immense territory, Lord Lugard devised the Native Authority System, leaving the emirs to do the job for him. When the time came to talk about Nigerian independence in the late 1940's, therefore, the Hausas' rigid social structure was still intact, whereas the Yorubas and Ibos had been open to modernizing trade and missionary influences for more than a century. It took ten years to find a constitutional formula acceptable to all three, and the constitution that was finally drafted was a monstrosity.

PROBABLY nothing would have induced Hausas, Yorubas, and Ibos to love each other as brothers. But it is hard to imagine a more effective instrument for the perpetuation of their mutual hatred than the late Federation of Nigeria. Like several luckless federations in the British Commonwealth (Malaysia and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, for instance), this one had a built-in centrifugal force. The all but powerless federal government in Lagos was overshadowed by first three and then four regional governments with the powers of states within the state. Each had its own Premier, cabinet, parliament, courts, police, civil service, social welfare, public investments, schools, and dominant party (inevitably tribal); and each had plenty of money for political warfare, since most of the national revenue automatically went back to the regions.

This federation was not pressed upon an unwilling population by the British Colonial Office; it was pressed upon the Colonial Office by Nigerian politicians. In a country with fifty-five million inhabitants, a strong central government would have had obvious disadvantages for aspiring political leaders: hard work at election time, poor job opportunities at the top, relatively modest facilities for political patronage, and, almost surely in the end, detribalization through the scrambling of ethnic groups in the national army, police, schools, and civil service. On the other hand, federation offered regional leaders an excellent chance not just to preserve their tribal empires but to rule with an iron hand. They did.

When the federation collapsed last winter, only the new Mid-West Region was still more or less of an open field. The Yoruba West belonged to Chief Samuel Akintola and his Nigerian National Democratic Party (NNDP); the Ibo East belonged to Dr. Michael Okpara and his National Convention of Nigerian Citizens (NCNC); and the Hausa North belonged to Sir Ahmadu Bello, the Sardauna of Sokoto, whose small but aristocratic Fulani tribe has been governing the pious Hausas since it waged holy Islamic war on their pagan overlords in 1804. All three had ensured their control by methods that would make a Tammany Hall boss blush.

To say that tribalism thrived under their care would be an understatement. It was diligently and artificially cultivated, while the smallest shoots of national sentiment were nipped in the bud. No political party had managed to cross regional lines successfully, let alone run on a platform of Nigerian nationhood—though a few, like Chief Obafemi Awolowo's Action Group in the West, had tried. Politics was purely a tribal power game, played by an exclusive inner circle on the crudest of terms. Election campaigns were uncluttered by ideological arguments or concessions to the voters' needs and demands. Regionally, they were handled either by appealing directly to tribal loyalties or by stuffing the urns—generally both; nationally, they were manipulated through shifting alliances of two regional parties pooling their captive votes against a third. The utter lack of programmatic substance in these alliances was particularly evident in the December, 1964, national election: while the Sardauna's Northern People's Congress was sitting in a federal coalition cabinet with the Eastern Region's NCNC at the time, it fought the election in coalition with the Western Region's NNDP.

The Avalanche

In an address to the nation on the eve of that election, federal President Nnamde Azikiwe (now retired) described the state of affairs with discouraging accuracy: "There have been complaints that hotels and rest-houses refuse rooms to political leaders from other regions, that food is denied them in restaurants, and shelter refused them in public buildings in a rainstorm, that roadblocks are put up in towns to bar their

entrance. . . . There have also been complaints of mass arrests of opponents. One opposition party claims that ten thousand of its followers have been jailed. They are often refused bail, tried by lay judges, handcuffed, chained, fined, and flogged. The Federal Republic of Nigeria has established a reputation as Africa's bastion of democ-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racy, and we should not allow inordinately ambitious politicians to disfigure our national image by their disreputable tactics. Unless their wings are clipped, our beloved country may be plunged into an avalanche of social unrest."

The avalanche came just over a year later, burying at least one hapless victim along with the villains. As Prime Minister of the federation, the late Sir Abubakar had been grieved to see his country's democratic machinery rusting away, but almost powerless to prevent it. Except in the event of civil war, he had no constitutional authority to intervene in the regions, and indeed very little authority of any sort. Though a Hausa himself, he was not even in control of his own tribal party, of which he was merely vice-president. The president was the Sardauna of Sokoto, Premier of the North; and the federal Prime Minister could remain in Lagos only on the Sardauna's sufferance.

All the same, Sir Abubakar was evidently not the irreproachable figure he had been taken for. Many Nigerians criticized him bitterly for a weakness and irresolution that could not be blamed on his circumstances. A stronger man, they say, might have saved the federation while there was still time last fall, by moving decisively to put down what was, in effect, a civil war in the West.

Most outsiders have assumed that the army uprising here was primarily against the North, which, with a population larger than the rest of the regions combined—and a mentality half a century behind the others'—had played a suffocating role in national politics. If Hausaland's policies had exasperated both the Yorubas and the Ibos, however, it was actually the intolerable situation in the Yoruba West that finally provoked the army into action.

In the beginning, the Western Region had not belonged to Chief Akintola, who was assassinated in January, but to Chief Awolowo, who has been in prison several years in atonement for his youthful errors. Awolowo had lost his realm by trying to turn his Action Group into an intertribal, interregional national party, whereupon his subaltern, Akintola, formed a new party and forced him from power. He had then tried to push Akintola out, also forcibly, by procuring arms and money from Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, and had ended up in a federal jail when Nkrumah's shipments of "oranges" were found to contain submachine guns. Undaunted, Awolowo continued to direct operations from his cell, instructing the battered Action Group to form an alliance with the Eastern NCNC so as to gang up

on Akintola's Western stronghold. To resist these marauders, Akintola turned to the Sardauna of Sokoto, who obligingly put his Northern NPC at the West's disposal.

The ensuing regional election in the West last October set a new low for violence and chicanery. Akintola's lieutenants not only falsified voting lists, stuffed ballot boxes, and denied opposition voters access to polling booths but also slapped one hundred per cent income taxes on their opponents and arrested them en masse, while armed thugs from Awolowo's Action Group roamed through the region kidnapping and beating up their enemies, burning down houses, and looting. When the election was over, predictably giving a two-thirds majority to Akintola's party, an estimated two thousand people had been killed and fifteen thousand wounded, while several thousand others had fled over the border to Dahomey for refuge.

While this was assuredly a state of dire emergency, Sir Abubakar did not send in federal troops as he constitutionally could and should have. Politically, he was the Sardauna's prisoner. Had he intervened to ensure a fair election in the West, the Action Group might well have returned to power: it was believed to have the support of at least half the voters there. In that event, the Action Group and its Eastern NCNC partners would control two of the federation's four regions, with a third —the fledgling Mid-West—their easy prey. The North would then be outflanked for the first time in six years, destroying the whole precarious balance on which the federation rested.

While some foreign observers still insist that the army revolt was an Ibo plot to strike at the Hausas, the evidence indicates that it was a much broader and more patriotic affair. It is true that most of the rebel officers were Ibos. But so is General Aguiyi-Ironsi, who clapped seventeen of them into jail. It is also true that they did not murder the Ibo Eastern Premier when they killed the Sardauna of Sokoto and Western Chief Akintola, but they did murder an even more exalted Ibo leader, the spectacularly corrupt federal Finance Minister Festus Okotie-Eboh. Everything suggests, in fact, that these young officers were motivated by a deep revulsion against regionalism, tribalism, and the infamous malpractices they had generated.

A surprising number of Nigerians appear to agree with them. Far from rising up in wrath to avenge the death of their mighty Sardauna, the northern Hausas have accepted it with equanimity; and the long-suffering Yorubas, at peace after so many years, have greeted the military régime with open arms. Here, as in nearby Ghana, the first experience with independence has been harsh but instructive. "We've had enough of this archaic blood feuding," said a Yoruba writer. "Now we're going to move into the twentieth century."

The Arguments for Unity

That may not be so easy. General Aguiyi-Ironsi has acted quickly to dismantle regional structures, eliminate tribal discrimination in employment, and unify the civil service, armed forces, and courts. But the ties holding Nigeria together are still dangerously frail, and he has only eight thousand troops and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eighteen thousand police to keep this huge territory in one piece. What he is banking on is a triumph of common sense over prejudice. Though Hausas, Yorubas, and Ibos may not enjoy living together, they are incomparably better off economically as one nation than as three.

Separately, only Iboland might come close to self-sufficiency: although too small to grow all its own food, it lies on a sizable bed of coal and a good portion of an underground petroleum sea that may eventually make this country the fourth largest oil producer in the world. The West, however, would have to rely mostly on its cocoa crop, while the landlocked North would have little but peanuts to fall back on. As a single nation, on the other hand, Nigeria has substantial resources and a healthy, varied economy. It is already the world's biggest exporter of palm oil and columbite, the second biggest of peanuts, and high on the list in cotton, tin, rubber, timber, and hides. Furthermore, it has by far the biggest domestic market in Africa. Some day, if all goes well, it should lead the continent in productive wealth and trade.

Even for the immediate future, the economic outlook is exceptionally hopeful. However improbable its political circumstances, Sir Abubakar's government had gone about its other business competently. More than two hundred new industries have been set up since 1960; the growth rate has been averaging five per cent annually for the last three years; public, private, and foreign investments have been rising steadily; the trade balance is improving; and liquid reserves in March amounted to $216 million.

Moreover, the change in régime has improved the prospects considerably. Until last January, foreign investors had been faced with the perpetual risk of Congolese-type chaos here plus the hazards of a system endemic to West Africa known as "dash." While the late Finance Minister Okotie-Eboh was the most notorious collector of standard ten per cent commissions on every business deal he could get in on, he was far from being the only one. Nobody could get a contract signed in Lagos without dashing at least one and usually several public officials, or be sure of the contract even after paying the dash. The classic story is of a Texas millionaire who came in search of an oil concession and left without it. "I didn't pick up any oil wells," he said upon returning home, "but I bought me a cabinet minister."

Encouraged by the promise of greater stability and the end of the "chop-chop" administration, investors are taking a much keener interest in Nigeria now. Where alarming political symptoms had slowed down the National Development Plan since its start in 1962, the military

junta has obtained assurances of enough capital to cover three-quarters of the plan's scheduled billion-dollar investment over the next two years. If its conditions are met, the World Bank will consider loans up to $100 million for the coming twelve months, while the United States has reconfirmed its 1962 commitment for $225 million.

But this doesn't necessarily mean that the dash system is gone forever, much less that stable government has come to stay. There are severe limits to what General Aguiyi-Ironsi can do. He does have the expert help of about seven hundred excellent Nigerian civil servants, free at last to do their jobs without interference from political hacks, and of another thousand British civil servants in the government's employ. Nevertheless, no amount of professional efficiency could improve the economy at the rate that millions of Nigerians are coming to expect. There are four million young people here who have had at least six years of schooling. Three-quarters of the younger generation are in school and 400,000 are graduating yearly, while there are suitable jobs for barely a quarter of that number. Meanwhile, for all the progress made, the per capita cash income is barely $75.

However successful the Development Plan, therefore, qualitative unemployment is bound to rise four times faster than available jobs. The streets of this sprawling capital are already full of idle young men who have drifted down from their rural villages, diploma in hand, in search of urban employment; too many more keep coming. On top of that, prices are rising so fast because of food shortages—very little harvesting having been done in the West during the troubles last fall—that they are getting out of hand. The least that might be expected, under these conditions, is a sharpened social consciousness for which there is no political outlet. Unless the military régime can provide such outlets soon, it may have to face unpleasant consequences.

General Aguiyi-Ironsi insists that he will turn power back to a civilian government as quickly as possible, within two years at the outside. Since he was obviously unwilling to take power in the first place (he was reportedly in tears when he did), few Nigerians doubt his word. The doubt has to do with his ability to stay where he is long enough to keep his promise.

Most observers hope that he will make good. Though not a leader who can arouse a mass following, he has done remarkably well in restoring calm and confidence to his country. He has also shown intuitive skill in getting the country closer to its rightful place on the African scene. Without making advances to the East, he has carefully edged away from the effusively pro-western foreign policy that indicted Sir Abubakar's federation as "teleguided." If Aguiyi-Ironsi is given time, for he evidently has the right instincts, he might give substance at last to the fine international image Nigeria used to enjoy—and never really deserved.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolt and Repression In Spain's Universities

EVE CARY

For the past two years student demonstrations throughout Spain have resulted in the closing of universities, the expulsion and jailing of students, the dismissal and suspension of several professors, and what is certainly the greatest public display of protest since the Civil War ended in 1939. These events were climaxed on April 27 when the University of Barcelona, the second largest in the country, was shut down after an eruption of violence which saw striking students and a Catholic priest beaten by the police. Although there have recently been signs of a relaxation of the fascist régime, the rigid government response to student demands has for the moment left Spanish universities worse off than before.

The current ferment boiled over in January, 1965, at the University of Madrid, when delegates to the Spanish student union, known as the SEU (Sindicato Español Universitario), held a meeting to try and decide on a democratic way of choosing the leadership of their organization. At its lower levels the system was satisfactory, with delegates from the various schools and faculties within each university being elected by the student body. But on a district and national level, student officials of the university were chosen by the government.

At the meeting, each proposal made by the delegates was vetoed by the government-appointed national subchief of the SEU, who had come to preside. Finally the majority of the delegates walked out, declaring that the SEU was hopeless as a representative organ and that they refused to recognize its authority any longer. The government immediately began proceedings against two students who had played a large part in instigating the walkout.

When this news became known, some thousand students staged a demonstration in front of the Ministry of Education. The gray-uniformed storm troopers of the Guardia Civil suppressed the riot and arrested fifteen of the demonstrators. A week later, in Barcelona, another riot took place, this time occasioned by the last-minute cancellation of Luis Buñuel's prize-winning anti-Catholic Spanish film *Viridiana*. During the next few weeks other minor demonstrations took place in both cities.

Then, in February, when some three thousand students at the University of Madrid had already gathered to hear a professor speak on Christian Democracy, it was announced that the lecture was canceled. On the spot, the students called a "Free Assembly," at which they drew up a petition of six demands. These included an autonomous and representative student union, liberty of expression and association, solidarity with workers in their fight for free syndicates, and amnesty for all those who had been punished in connection with the student movement.

After a week of excited discussion, five thousand students led by four professors set out with their petition toward the rectory. Before they got there, however, they were met by a line of police, who drenched them with water cannons; the students sat down in silence and raised umbrellas. The guards then charged the demonstrators and began beating them with leather truncheons. The students defended themselves with stones. One boy was permanently blinded, and a guard was badly hurt. Dozens of students sustained minor injuries.

Chained Reaction

"The March of the 24th" quickly became famous throughout Spain. Reports of other demonstrations began to filter back to Madrid. In Barcelona the academic authorities closed down schools and faculties in response to strikes expressing solidarity with the students in Madrid; it was these demonstrations that finally led to the closing of the entire university. In Murcia students were forbidden to hold meetings for the purpose of discussing events in Madrid. In Bilbao an Asamblea Libre was held in spite of an official prohibition. The students of Valladolid presented a petition of demands similar to those made in Madrid. The students in Valencia locked themselves in the faculty of philosophy and letters and refused to come out until the rector withdrew punishments meted out to three student activists. In Oviedo the district chief of the SEU was formally censured and recognition of the organization withdrawn. In Seville twenty students were expelled and seventeen others fined for throwing rocks at police who had tried to follow them into the university, and in Salamanca police actually did enter the university to break up a student demonstration. Two thousand students rioted in Pamplona, breaking the windows of the office of the daily newspaper that had tried to blame the trouble in the university on Latin-American students enrolled there; a Guatemalan boy was badly beaten by police. In Granada schools and faculties were closed down when students went on strike, and in Zaragoza the entire university struck, the only holdouts being the son of the governor and a few of his friends, the son of a civil guard, a very few girls, and some nuns.

The situation could no longer be ignored, and finally, on April 7, the government issued a decree restructuring the SEU. At first glance it seemed that a concession had been made to the students, for their demand that they be allowed to elect their own representatives on all levels had been granted. Henceforth, there would be no government appointees to the SEU. This change was enough to convince various foreign correspondents that the régime was loosening up, but the students were not taken in.

According to the new rules, the number of delegates from each school was drastically cut, meaning that the few who were left would be easy to watch and control; the students would no longer have the strength of sheer numbers. Further-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more, no student could be a delegate if he still had courses incomplete from the year before. Considering the political orientation of the majority of the professors, this rule in itself could exclude nearly any student who might be troublesome. No delegate could have any academic sanctions against him, which took care of nearly everyone active in the movement to date. Finally, the dean of each school and faculty would have to approve all candidates presented, and would also have the exclusive right of removing any representative from office whenever he deemed it necessary.

THE DECREE went on to state that the student syndicate was an integral part of the university, whose regulations the student accepts automatically by the fact of his matriculation. It said that the student must respect academic authority, and must avoid the use of the student association for ends other than those explicitly outlined in the decree. The syndicate was to express only academic interests, and if it should exceed these limits, the academic authorities would have the right to suspend all activity for three months. The dean was to approve the time and place of all meetings. Finally, the decree eliminated the representation of "free students" (those who study on their own and pay only to take exams at the end of the semester), of whom there are large numbers.

The students' response to the decree was unanimous rejection. The weekly strikes and demonstrations, which had ceased for a while, started up again, and throughout Spain petitions of protest were drawn up. One of the most remarkable of these was a detailed analysis made by several students at the Madrid science faculty, all of whom were subsequently expelled. With the use of quotations from the SEU charter, they pointed out the vast discrepancy between its stated aims and the realities of Spanish university life. They discussed the mass un- and underemployment among university graduates, and the resulting exodus abroad; the fact that almost no sons and daughters of working-class families are university students; that Spain is one of the countries where the smallest percentage of the national income is spent on education, with the result that economic barriers to education are often insurmountable; that books and equipment are almost nonexistent; and that professors' salaries are so low that only a few can enter the profession. They also discussed the censorship exercised by the SEU itself, and the fact that the SEU is not recognized by any other

student union in the entire world, because it is the arm of a fascist government and not representative of the students. The new decree, the petition concluded, "has defrauded completely all those who had hoped for a willingness for authentic discussion, with visions of a fertile and loyal collaboration in the future."

The Question of Approach

Probably the biggest problem that faces the movement is the fact that the majority of students remain uncommitted politically, either from apathy or from a very real fear of the consequences of involvement. There are, of course, no official statistics on the number of students participating in the movement, but even the most ardent activists do not claim that more than about twenty-five per cent are truly involved. Participation in individual demonstrations has been estimated as high as ten thousand, but everyone admits that the weather, *fútbol* (soccer) scores, and exam schedules have affected student protests at various times.

The majority of student activists belong to one of two clandestine organizations, the FUDE (Federación Universitaria Demócrata Española), or the UED (Unión de Estudiantes Demócratas). Of the two the FUDE is generally considered the more radical, but the difference is negligible, and this year they have in effect combined and have been issuing joint statements.

The FUDE, the UED, and some less important groups define themselves as "pre-syndicates" that will disband once their fight is won. All of the clandestine organizations are labeled Communist by the government. Probably it is true that any student who is a Communist is also in the FUDE, and in fact the organizations will admit anyone who professes a desire to fight for "democratic principles."

On the other side are various right-wing groups. The most important of these is called the Defensa Universitaria, formed to defend the universities against left-wing infiltration. Its members are not taken very seriously, since most of them are the sons of government officials or are hoping to get government jobs. Their activities are usually limited to beating up students they suspect of leftism, and printing an occasional pamphlet.

The major ideological conflict among the members of the clandestine organizations involves the problem of trying to rally mass support. One student explained it thus:

"For the past twenty-six years it has been the conscious policy of the Franco régime to make 'politics' a dirty word. We've seen the advantages of keeping quiet and the sad results of rebellion. We aren't afraid of police brutality, but we are afraid of being forbidden to study, or of being denied the right to take exams and get a degree. We know that we are dependent upon 'pull' for jobs, and we're frightened of alienating those important people who can help us. Don't you see, Franco can starve us." The leaders are divided on the question of approach. One side claims both to the students and to the government that the problem has nothing to do with politics, that it is only a "professional" question. The other side takes the stand that the only possible way to win a free syndicate is for the students to admit the political nature of the problem

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and to align themselves with the workers in their fight for free labor unions.

These students are certainly correct that the problem in the universities has its roots deep in the structure of the régime. They are probably wrong, however, in thinking that the best way to win their fight is to identify themselves with the working classes.

For one thing, nearly all of the students belong to the rising middle class and for the first time since the Civil War are beginning to enjoy the material benefits that have come with increasing industrialization in Spain. They are not emotionally prepared to join with workers. Moreover, to take up the cause of the workers is to become part of what will surely be labeled a Communist movement. The reluctance of students to make this identification was clearly demonstrated last spring when an overzealous FUDE member brought a worker to a meeting as a surprise speaker. At the announcement of his presence, the majority of the students walked out.

THE FRUSTRATIONS of the student movement and the harsh government campaign against it can be seen in recent events at the University of Madrid. Last fall, students returned to find that several things had happened while they were on vacation and unable to act collectively. Five students had been expelled for publishing informative bulletins, three professors had been dismissed, and two others suspended for two years each.

A joint bulletin issued by the FUDE and the UED noted the atmosphere of repression in the university. Bars were placed in the windows of the faculty of philosophy and letters, a big metal door was placed in the hall between the schools of chemistry and of mathematics and physics. The number of students allowed to matriculate was reduced. Faculties and schools issued identity cards, making it possible to keep any person from entering a school in which he is not a student. There have been mass expulsions from the state- and church-run student dormitories. The number of scholarships was reduced, and threats of their withdrawal have been made to individual students as punishment for engaging in political activity.

For the first time, the student press has been subjected to the same censorship laws as the national press. (Though these laws were officially abolished several weeks ago, the new decree governing the press is as misleading as the one restructuring the SEU.) Also for the first time, the students in the first and second years of philosophy and letters are having their classes in the afternoon instead of in the morning, as is customary. There is a problem of space in the university, to be sure, but the change also serves to keep large numbers of students from gathering, as does the fact that the entire first floor of the department is given over to classes for foreign graduate and junior-year-abroad students. During the first month of school, the academic authorities blocked funds for the SEU. Many students felt that the government was trying to intimidate them into submission rather than using violence, which could look bad.

During the fall term the students worked to bring about autonomous elections, and when the official ones were held they either handed in blank ballots or voted for Brigitte Bardot or the bullfighter El Cordobés. The academic authorities refused to recognize the popularly elected delegations, and threatened them with expulsion and jail. In some places student meetings for whatever purpose have been forbidden. Ludicrously large numbers of student spies are enrolled in every university, and the position of *bedel* (custodian) in the schools, traditionally held by aged men and wounded veterans, is now suddenly being given to husky young men, obviously members of the Guardia Civil.

Violence broke out when the students returned after Christmas vacation and found that in many of the faculties in Madrid huge posters had been put up covered with photographs and such slogans as "Down with Fascism." Almost immediately the Defensa Universitaria stormed into the school of economics and began to beat up everyone near the posters. The students escaped into the law school, but before the police arrived the students of the Right broke all of the glass doors. The same thing happened a few days later in the school of medicine, and this time one of the Defensa students suffered several broken bones. The riot occasioned by the SEU walkout and "The March of the 24th" followed soon after.

The Victory of Silence

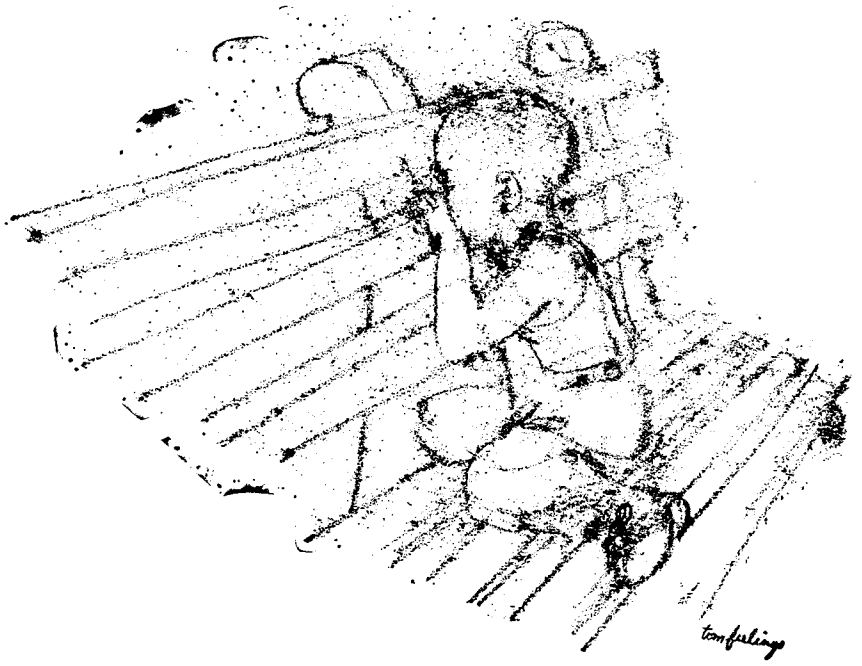
As student demonstrations have grown in intensity and spread throughout the country, government measures have become increasingly repressive. In March, Barcelona police entered a monastery to break up a three-day sit-in by about four hundred students and intellectuals demanding academic freedom. The intellectuals were fined large sums, and protest meetings were held all over Barcelona. It was the first time that police had ever violated the sanctuary of the Church. Shortly after, also for the first time, police fired in the air during a demonstration in Valencia.

One of the worst incidents to take place in years was the suppression of the ceremony honoring the Spanish poet Antonio Machado in his home village of Baeza. Hundreds of persons chartered busses to go to the unveiling of a monument to him by the sculptor Pablo Serrano, only to be turned back by guards with machine guns ten miles from the town. Some two thousand people who were able to reach Baeza were set upon by the Guardia Civil and beaten. Their names were taken and many were fined.

And so it would seem that, like their fathers in 1939, the students in Spain may be forced to surrender. The fight has been going on now for nearly two years, and the only result seems to be increased hardship. But perhaps some progress has been made. One student explained why he still is optimistic:

"You know, *fútbol* has probably been one of the strongest supports of the Franco régime. Interest in it has been fostered by the government for years just to keep people's minds off other things. Now that it is losing fans they've discovered tennis. But they haven't succeeded completely. I remember the day after the March of the 24th getting on the subway and seeing that no one was reading the sports pages. They were all talking about us; we had won the battle of silence."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Negro Response To Birth Control

HANNAH LEES

"CAN WE afford birth control as a minority group in the United States?" was one of the questions listed for discussion at a recent panel on birth control in a prosperous Germantown, Pennsylvania, church with a largely Negro congregation. Almost all educated and responsible Negroes would answer "Yes." They realize they cannot make progress without it and are taking constructive steps to promote it. But they are also aware of the charge from other Negroes that birth control is a concealed form of genocide.

At the all-Negro panel discussion, two participants out of seven—a city planner and a pathologist—spoke against it. "Until you bring together action and words, until you help people to be free, to maximize their potential, birth control is utter nonsense," the planner stated. "If we have an oversupply of food and there are empty areas in the world, where is the population problem?" the pathologist demanded. "This whole thing is the concern of people who didn't want too many of a certain race."

"The trouble is that this charge is either whispered or hurled as an angry accusation," I was told by Uvelia Bowen, a highly trained Negro social worker who has recently been appointed a consultant to the VISTA program. "The accusation has to be brought out in the open and discussed intelligently because the fear is certainly there, hidden in the thoughts of every Negro man and woman in the United States, whether they express it or not. It is too bad for America that the thrust for world population control should have come at the height of the civil-rights struggle. We are only twenty million, after all, only ten per cent of the entire population, and many of us feel our whole strength lies in numbers, in the power of the vote. Why did the Alabama Democratic Committee, for example, just now take that White Supremacy slogan off its ballot emblem? They were forced to by the growing number of registered Negro voters." Yet as she expressed these views Mrs. Bowen was sitting by me at a Philadelphia Planned Parenthood luncheon and has since become a board member.

"The highest birth rate, the most unwed mothers are in the poverty areas which are largely Negro," she went on. "And they're the target, aren't they? Negroes don't want children they can't take care of, but we are afraid to trust you when your offered help has so often turned out to be exploitation. Negroes are never going to accept birth control in any numbers from the hands of white people. You will have to find and train a great many more Negro workers if you expect to have any real impact."

The Growth of Acceptance

There is no question that the fear of exploitation is present in some Negro leaders. Few go so far as Philadelphia NAACP President Cecil Moore, who, at a public meeting of the local anti-poverty committee last fall, browbeat the executive director of Philadelphia Planned Parenthood for offering a program of family-planning education, calling it "replete with everything to help Negroes commit race suicide." The Reverend Henry H. Nichols, an eminent minister who tried unsuccessfully to supplant Moore and give Philadelphia's dwindling NAACP more constructive leadership, has told me he is unalterably opposed to any birth-control program until the youth have become moral enough not to use it for immoral purposes—even though the National Council of Churches, of which he was the Philadelphia president in 1963, has come out strongly in its favor.

The Reverend Leon Sullivan, who originated the Negro-operated job-training centers that are spreading across the country, will not even have Planned Parenthood literature—a logical aid to female self-respect and independence—available in the centers. He is not opposed to birth control, he has said; he just doesn't want to have anything to do with it.

That such sentiments are heeded was demonstrated last winter when the Pennsylvania Secretary of Welfare stated publicly that the time was not ripe for state-supported birth control; he cited the arguments of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moore along with those of the Catholic Church. Later, however, he reversed himself with the announcement that the state would begin paying for family-planning services to welfare recipients.

Despite the attitudes of Moore and Sullivan, it is remarkable how far and how fast many Negro leaders, whatever their inner anxieties, are moving toward awareness that birth control is a weapon in their fight for equality. The number of Negroes on the national and local boards of Planned Parenthood is fast multiplying. Though this is partly because Planned Parenthood has learned to seek them out, their ready acceptance is significant. And there is some more concrete evidence of change.

As recently as four years ago, the National Urban League issued this guarded statement: "Every family has a right to be informed about all the resources in the community, including family planning and the various approved methods of birth control. Then it must be left up to the individual family, giving them freedom of choice based on their own values and religious convictions, which method, if any, is desired." In 1964, it issued a considerably more positive statement which said, among other things, that the organization would "attempt widespread publicity about available family planning facilities, services, and possibilities among the lower socio-economic groups likely to be cut off from such information from private physicians or regular educational channels." Now the Chicago Urban League has gone further and said, ". . . to fight poverty without birth control is to fight with one hand tied behind the back."

The Importance of Carfare

With Urban League co-operation, a group of Negro doctors and nurses —most of them doctors' wives—have for the past year been operating a volunteer birth-control clinic in Bell Center, a Cleveland settlement house, under the leadership of gynecologist Dr. Joseph Martin. This is not, of course, the only such clinic in Cleveland. Some are operated by the local Planned Parenthood organization, and others by the major teaching hospitals, but none were reaching the poorest Negroes.

Rejecting the popular circumlocutions, the clinic called itself the Birth Control Clinic at Bell Center, "so that," says Dr. Martin, "a less sophisticated clientele would not be confused by the title—and if this name could be used without engendering community opposition, it would make future disguises of the name in our town unnecessary." Thirty Negro doctors volunteered to staff the clinic in rotation. The only scarce commodity turned out to be patients.

Most women in the area, the doctors gradually found, simply didn't know about birth control. Others had been badly frightened by tales of embolism, cancer, or permanent sterilization, by what Dr. Martin calls "granny medicine." Many had no one to leave their children with or nothing "decent" to wear to the clinic.

At the end of the first year, the doctors at Bell Center had provided

contraceptive help to only two hundred women, but they had learned from the Bell social workers how to spread the word from door to door. In addition to preliminary education and even reassurance that anyone would be warmly welcomed whatever clothes she wore, the doctors now realized that they would have to provide baby sitters and even carfare for many women. But they had gained enough community support to get private grants of $12,000 for the next year. (One gift of $8 was donated specifically for carfare.)

A considerably more ambitious clinic has just been opened in Philadelphia by the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Under the leadership of Austin Norris, a prominent Negro lawyer, and Philadelphia A.M.E. Bishop John Bright, the church has converted a bankrupt hospital into an old-age home and health center. The center, named the Sarah Allen Home, applied a short time ago to the Philadelphia Anti-Poverty Action Committee for funds for what it cautiously called a Conception Regulation Clinic, though in its presentation it forthrightly declared its intention of giving service to all who came for help, including unmarried and adolescent girls.

SINCE anti-poverty funds could only be used for birth-control services to women living with their husbands, Planned Parenthood last fall proposed a purely educational program to the Philadelphia Anti-Poverty Action Committee. It was turned down as much because some PAAC members thought it inadequate as because of Cecil Moore's accusations. This March, PAAC approved A.M.E.'s request, and then went on to endorse a greatly revised proposal from Planned Parenthood to provide services to each poverty area tailored to its individual needs and wishes over the dissenting votes of Moore and a Roman Catholic priest.

The Sarah Allen Conception Regulation Clinic did not wait for the anti-poverty funds, however, but opened in March in a separate building adjacent to the hospital with the help of a $20,000 grant from the national African Methodist Episcopal Church. Only one woman appeared the first day, though Bishop Bright had directed that the clinic opening be announced from every A.M.E. pulpit in the city. Austin Norris, a man noted for direct action, asked a well-known broadcaster to announce the clinic hours on the radio. He also had handbills printed and passed out giving the clinic's hours and address. The next week there were seventeen patients.

Because the Negro population is increasing at a rate of 2.4 per cent a year as opposed to 1.7 per cent for the white population and because its illegitimacy rate is so much greater, there is a widespread conviction that Negroes want more children than whites, or are simply more ir-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responsible about parenthood. Yet a 1960 study on the growth of American families found that most nonwhite wives wanted fewer children than white wives (2.9 children compared to 3.3). Middle-class Negro families are smaller, on the average, than comparable white families. In a Florida group of public-health maternity patients, mostly Negro, seventy per cent said they wanted no more children.

Chicago Planned Parenthood recently published a study of fourteen thousand low-income patients taking the pill, eighty-three per cent of whom were nonwhite and nearly half of whom had not finished high school. It revealed that thirty months after first coming to the clinic, about four out of five patients were still regularly taking the pill.

Freedom to limit family size was first called a basic human right only a year ago, in a report of the National Academy of Science's National Research Council. This was echoed by Mrs. Katherine B. Oettinger, the head of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, in a speech last fall and recently by the Population Panel of the White House Conference on International Cooperation. But many Negroes are already adopting this point of view and beginning to see failure to provide birth-control services as a form of discrimination they must fight.

THEY ARE also becoming remarkably direct and clearsighted about the question of giving birth-control services to the unmarried and underage. Last year Edwin C. Berry, executive director of the Chicago Urban League, stated: "Fortunately, the attitude toward the illegitimate mother is changing. . . . The thought that it is sinful and immoral to provide birth-control knowledge to unmarried mothers will hopefully be reevaluated throughout the country." His words were prophetic, for on March 31 it was made public that any birth-control program under the Department of Health, Education and Welfare would provide services to all women regardless of marital status—a revolutionary reversal of position that may soon affect the policy of the Office of Economic Opportunity.

A Soviet Critique Of China's 'Total Strategy'

RAYMOND L. GARTHOFF

THE EXCHANGE of polemical letters and articles between the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the Communist Party of China has been highly revealing. It has, however, been a public polemic—fashioned with an eye to domestic consumption and on the Communist and "neutral" nations following the dispute abroad. Perhaps even more revealing are documents of an internal Soviet discussion on Chinese Communist politico-military strategy not intended to be made public. One such is an article called "The Peking Version of 'Total Strategy,'" which appeared in the Soviet General Staff theoretical journal *Military Thought* for October, 1963, and it is still both pertinent and instructive. This journal is marked "For Generals, Admirals, and Officers of the Soviet Army and Navy Only"—it was not intended to be read by Chinese (or American) eyes.

It analyzes Chinese Communist views on military theory and policy, and while it no doubt distorts the Chinese Communist position to some degree, it reveals a great deal both about the Chinese and Soviet conceptions. The current Chinese Communist view of military science is described as "facing the past, the Chinese past, not recognizing any experience other than the experience of China. . . ." This attitude, according to the Soviet critic I. Yermashev, leads to another and even more critical fault of contemporary Chinese military science: "It is simply obsolete. And it became obsolete not merely by itself but as a consequence of radical changes in many objective conditions, including the material base of war and above all of weaponry." Primarily, Yermashev comments, the Chinese exaggerate the significance of the political and ideological character of possible future war at the expense of evaluating realistically "the balance of real material forces"—that is, recognition of American military power. The Chinese Communists are said to bank on a protracted war, and on winning such a protracted war "even if at a given time—that is, speaking plainly, at the present time—the enemy is stronger, because in the course of the struggle the relation of forces will change to the advantage of the weaker." This the Soviet writer finds unconvincing: "It is absurd to suppose that a war of attrition will favor the weak and harm the strong," he writes. "In such a war, the weak will be exhausted before the strong."

"CHINESE MARXISM" (*Military Thought* put it in quotes) is said to make population a "decisive factor, along with political-morale factors, determining victory or defeat." The Soviet rebuttal not only cites the British conquest of India as an example where size of population was no index of strength but also pointedly recalls the defeat of China in 1895 by "little Japan." Similarly, the Chinese example of the defeat of Japan in China in 1945 as an illustration of victory in a "protracted war"—the cornerstone case for Mao Tse-tung's theories—is rejected as "unconvincing." The Chinese neglect to note that Japan was "tied down on many fronts in the Pacific Ocean," Yermashev says, and that "the anti-fascist coalition took the war to the Japanese homeland"—both rare, if indirect, Soviet credits to our role in defeating Japan. The author does not forget to note that "the Soviet Army dealt complete defeat to the Japanese Army in Northeastern and Northern China," without which "the might of Japanese imperialism would not have been broken." Both the historical role of the Chinese Communists and the theoretical underpinning of their present military doctrine and politico-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

military strategy are thus demolished.

In the early 1960's, the Chinese, seeking to make a virtue of the necessity imposed by the cessation of Soviet economic, technical, and military assistance, began to stress "reliance on one's own strength." Yermashev attacks this principle (which he terms "anti-Leninist, anti-Marxist, and nationalist") on the ground that it is advanced by the Chinese for the "political and tactical aim of separating the peoples of the oppressed countries from the camp of socialism [i.e., the Soviet bloc], sowing among them the seeds of nationalism and chauvinism." Referring to Peking's development of its own nuclear weapons, he says: "After all, not a single socialist state except China considers it necessary to have its own nuclear weapons, considering entirely correctly that the power of the Soviet nuclear forces reliably covers the entire socialist camp from attack. The leaders of the CCP [Chinese Communist Party] do not believe in fraternal friendship with the other socialist countries and do not value this friendship, orienting themselves only on 'their own strength.'"

According to *Military Thought,* the Chinese Communists argue for—and attempt to force on others—a strategy based on the conclusion that the anti-imperialist struggle requires war. One Chinese article in particular is cited, Lu Chih-ch'ao's "Examination of the Question of War Must Not Run Counter to the Marxist-Leninist Viewpoint of the Class Struggle," which appeared in *Red Flag* on August 15, 1963. It argued that the Russians judge the nature of war by the scope of its destructiveness in the nuclear age, rather than by adhering strictly to the Marxist-Leninist viewpoint of the class nature of any war.

The Peasant Adventurists

The Soviet article deals with this charge only obliquely, but claims that the real "class approach" is to consider the consequences of such a war, which leads to the conclusion that "nuclear war must not be permitted." Concerning Mao Tse-tung's remark that "only" half of the population of the world would die in a nuclear war, *Military Thought* comments: "All the subsequent development of this 'idea' [in Chinese Communist writings] bears witness to the fact that it was no chance remark but a considered conception."

Military Thought defends national-liberation wars as "just wars," but it qualifies this support by reiterating the need for peaceful coexistence between states, and by challenging the alleged Chinese advocacy of revolutionary war everywhere rather than selectively. It finds in this position the "characteristics of the ideology of petty-bourgeois revolutionism," and goes on to make this condescending but slashing critique of Communist China:

"One must not forget that contemporary China is still just an enormous peasant country with a relatively small proportion of proletarian elements, with a young and not yet tempered working class, actually originating only in the last quarter century; a country in which there are still strong and living remnants, not completely eliminated, of the old ideology of small and very small property owners of the recent past and even elements of feudal ideology in customs, the family, and interpersonal relations. One cannot completely exclude the influence of all these petty-bourgeois social strata on the leaders, especially if these very leaders themselves also suffer from strokes of 'extreme revolutionariness' in a time of internal difficulties as a result of the adventurist course of the 'speedup' [Great Leap Forward] to socialism by crude administrative measures."

The Soviet discussion argues that capitalism is indeed doomed but that the role of the socialist countries is to speed its fall not through war, which would bring ruin to them too, but through economic competition, for which peace is necessary. This is a familiar theme in the polemics of the past several years. On the basis of this Chinese theoretical readiness for nuclear war, which the Russians dialectically interpret as desire for nuclear war, the *Military Thought* article goes so far as specifically to accuse the Chinese Communist leaders of supporting genocide.

To the Soviets these deficiencies in the Chinese Communist approach to military science, policy, and strategy lead to several conclusions. First, China's military science is "pure adventurism"; its view of the West as a paper tiger is illogical and erroneous; the result of a protracted *military* conflict would be defeat, not victory: "The adventurist, 'total' strategy of the Peking style is fraught with indescribable calamities for all peoples, including the Chinese people." The Chinese Communist leaders, derisively referred to as "the Peking supermen," are not genuine Marxist-Leninists, and they know it: "When one acquaints oneself closely with the theories of the Peking leaders and their practical activity in the international arena, it becomes clear that they put in first place not the interests of the peoples struggling for peace, socialism, and national liberation, but their own great power aims."

Further, "They consider that world thermonuclear war is inevitable and, attempting to hurry it along, they evidently suppose that the Chinese people will have the best chance since they are the most populous people on the earth. In case of the destruction of the majority of the peoples of the world, their states, and their cultures (and this, in the language of the Peking political hysterics, is called 'the fall of imperialism'), there would remain, in their opinion, the epoch of world domination by people of the yellow race. The Peking leaders have already come to terms with the idea of dividing people by race, by the color of their skin, rather than by class and social characteristics. Thus they have entered the path leading into the swamp of racism, with all the consequences that flow therefrom."

The Soviet critique concludes: "The propaganda war conducted with unheard-of licentiousness in China against the Soviet Union, the CPSU [Communist Party of the Soviet Union], and other Marxist-Leninist parties is an integral part of this strategy. By their hostile tone, malicious impertinence, and dirty insinuations, articles in the Chinese press could 'grace' any anti-Soviet superreactionary, even fascist press.... And all this is not the result of polemical ranting, but on the contrary is a cold-blooded realization of the definite plan of the leaders of the CCP in descending the path of extreme racist chauvinism."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Season's End

HANNAH STERN GOLDMAN

MY FATHER believed that our three lives together would continue to move in their own region of cloudless warmth—the distillation, I suppose, of understanding and of love, though he never used such words.

I remember the day of division; even, in the terrible classic sense, of rejection, for which I assumed the burden of a lasting guilt. It was chance, I thought, that brought us to this day; but *I* had prepared the circumstances, *I* had mixed the elements, each time passing, with a kind of fearful sigh, the moment when they might take fire.

Long before that day, I had begun to plan a life apart. I did not yet know what it was to be, only what it was *not* to be. It was as though I had traced an outline walling out what I did not want, but walling in a kind of emptiness, or simply uncertainty. But that was before I met Miss Marian Templeton. I had been waiting for an image and here it was. Really, she was a pleasantly ordinary girl who taught history in my high school. But it was just this pleasant ordinariness that I wanted. It was wonderful that she could swim, play tennis, sail a boat; that she could be openly enthusiastic about so many different things—poetry and basketball, Beethoven and jazz, the Dutch masters and the modern dance; that she could without diffidence yet without condescension spend afternoons in a settlement sewing for the fatherless children of unmarried mothers. All of this was alien to me, yet how I wanted it all!

I studied her easy good manners, the product, as I knew only too well, of comfortably proper circumstances. I imitated her light laugh, the even clearness of her voice, the way she stood before a class—her head thrown back a little, her feet, in their narrow, flat-heeled oxfords, planted firmly and a little apart on the dingy wooden floor of the classroom. And when she singled me out for one of those teacher-pupil friendships that sometimes develop in high school, I was so moved that I forgot—or refused for once—to go through the usual intricate obliquities to prove to myself that she had chosen me because she thought it her duty, her pedagogic duty, to be kind to an immigrant girl, and that therefore her friendship (and patronage) were to be rejected.

THUS, she became for a time my ideal. What made it easier was that in some ways, as I observed with delight, we looked rather alike. She was older, naturally, by some six or seven years, but at sixteen I was as tall and slender as she was. My shoulders and neck had filled out so that my head no longer looked like some pale fruit on a thin stalk. We both had brown hair cut short and worn behind the ears, and brown eyes under straight, thick eyebrows. Not a great resemblance, but for me it was enough.

The day came when she sealed the friendship by inviting me to lunch at her house. I was to meet her father, who, I already knew, was a doctor, long a widower. She spoke of him with affectionate amusement as a confirmed recluse who should, she said, occasionally at least, speak to someone who was not a patient.

It was a day during the spring holidays, a breezy, sunny day. I had put on what had to be an acceptable costume. It really was not, I suppose, because when I arrived I found her in a blouse and skirt, while my dress was blue satin with some sort of ruffle around the hem. I remember hesitating for a long time about what to wear, but the trouble was twofold: I had so little and I knew so little. At any rate, when I got off the trolley and turned the corner into the street where she lived, I was still beset with a sense of doubt.

I walked along the lane of tall green hedges divided by flagstone paths that crossed wide lawns to houses set back among trees, and kept looking down at the blue satin undulating shinily around my knees. I found the house easily enough by the brass plate—L. Templeton, M.D.—set at the branching of two brick paths. She had told me to follow the wider one—the other led to her father's office in a separate wing. And she was there to take my hand and draw me into the square spacious hall, papered and carpeted in pale gray.

I have said that we resembled one another. Actually I can recall only details, single features that no longer, at this distance, join to form a remembered face, just as I can no longer describe the house I entered, though I studied it hungrily enough. I remember that the living room she led me into was carpeted, like the hall, in gray; that it had arched, small-paned windows looking out upon the front lawn. There was a piano with several stringed instruments of different shapes hanging above it, and a fireplace, perhaps the first I had ever seen, which struck me as an extraordinary piece of ornamental luxury. I sat near it in a low armchair, unpleasantly conscious of the too-bright blue of my satin frills among the soft colors of the room—the gray of the carpet and sofa, the transparent white of the curtains, the creamy white of Miss Templeton's blouse as she stood at the window, smiling and chatting amiably

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's a liberal?

"A liberal is a man who cultivates the skills that make freedom operational. He is always a man on special assignment."

This is how Max Ascoli, The Reporter's Editor and Publisher, defines a liberal. And his definition of a liberal magazine follows logically from it:

"The Reporter's liberalism is based on the belief that liberty, far from being an ethereal thing, is always identified with and related to specific and present situations.

"Because of its devotion to freedom, The Reporter, too, is always on special assignment."

In carrying out its special assignment, in reporting the specific and present situations you need to know about, The Reporter has already won 29 major journalism awards. These honors were given to The Reporter for:

- **Best foreign reporting**
- **Courageous domestic coverage**
- **Perceptive political writing**
- **Penetrating criticism of the arts**

In the best tradition of liberalism, The Reporter avoids the automatic response, the doctrinaire formula. It examines each issue as it arises and on a firm basis of fact, reaches individual conclusions.

The Reporter's independent approach . . . its determination to get to the bottom of things . . . its concentration on the consequential in every field from politics to poetry . . . have convinced 200,000 of the best-informed men and women in America that The Reporter is the magazine they've been looking for.

Some of your friends would undoubtedly feel the same way if they knew The Reporter—so why not surprise them with a subscription? With our special introductory half-price offer, you can give them

24 ISSUES (A FULL YEAR) FOR ONLY $3.50

If you aren't already receiving The Reporter, you can start your own subscription, too, at this special half-price rate. And you may charge your subscription if you like — we'll be glad to bill you later.

We'll send you or your friends The Reporter as soon as we receive your order — so to take advantage of this special half-price trial offer, *for new subscribers only,* mail the reply card right now.

Regular rates: 1 year $7; 2 years $11; 3 years $14. (Add $1 per year for foreign postage, $.50 per year for Canada and Pan American Union.)

THE REPORTER *660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, New York*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about school matters and about her father, who, she warned me, was always late for lunch because he had less determination than his patients.

THAT DAY, however, he came almost at once. The door clicked; I heard steps in the hall, muffled and with something dragging about them, and he came in slowly and crossed the room to us. He was a tall, gaunt-featured man, with very white hair. I saw that he limped—one shoe sole was thicker and built up at the heel.

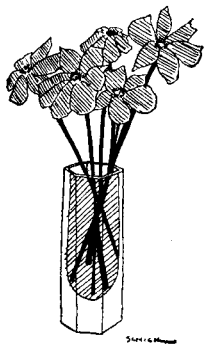
He greeted me solemnly, almost bowing as he took my hand with some polite phrase about having heard all about me from his daughter. He paused to let us precede him, and stood as we took our places at the oval table. Then he unfolded his napkin and sat waiting in silence, but with a sort of stately graciousness that seemed, for him, to take the place of conversation.

Our lunch was brought in by a little elderly woman enveloped in a starched white apron. Dr. Templeton served, gravely consulting our preferences in roast beef and salad, and handing the plates. Miss Templeton ate and talked with a brisk appetite; she kept us going; she turned now to her father, now to me. I was used to her, to talking with her, but in the presence of this serious, dignified man, at the big table where each cup and plate and serving dish seemed to have its own ritual movement and place—this to the left, this at the upper right, this in exchange for that—I heard and answered with dazed effort.

Fortunately, the meal was brief, perhaps because Miss Templeton noticed my perplexity, perhaps because the doctor had to return to his work. At any rate, she led us back to the living room for coffee and he promptly took his leave. This time I saw him through the window as he crossed the lawn, thin and straight but moving cautiously with that hobbling walk. We two sat on for a while, talking and drinking coffee. The cups were very small and scalloped at the rim; I still remember them with pleasure. Of course I had never seen a demitasse before.

I began at last to feel at ease, calm, somehow in the right place. This, I thought, is how it should be: clean, quiet, spacious, evenly formal. After all, it was I, in my ignorance, who found the formality difficult. To the Templetons it gave serenity, grace, a special sort of freedom. This was what I wanted—and all, all the opposite of what I had!

NOT LONG afterward she and I began walking home together—that is, I walked her to a subway station that was about ten blocks past the street where I lived, and then, as she thought, went on to my house several blocks away. I didn't



actually lie; I merely kept quiet. I just did not tell her that when I had seen her go down the long flight of steps and turn toward the station platform, I went, not forward to the clean, new apartment houses nearby, but back to the ones I did not want her to see—to see, I mean, as mine. For we did pass there every day, walking slowly beneath overhanging walls of fire escapes strung with washing, circling the dark doorways blocked with the chairs and stools where sat the women, their thighs comfortably spread, their feet planted in a litter of candy wrappers, peanut shells, and fruit skins, surrounded by their tumbling, screaming children. And every day, just before we passed, I struggled with two thoughts. One was: I must tell her, "This is where I live." But always, while I imagined the rest, how Miss Templeton would then turn and look at it with a different look, seeing me as part of it, and it, at last, as part of me—we passed, and once more it was too late.

Could I have told her if I had liked her more, trusted her more? Was there antagonism and even fear in the admiration I felt for the way she moved lightly and easily, as if not touching it, through this life I lived apart from hers? There remained always something coolly empty in our friendship; our talk skimmed smoothly over the pleasant surfaces of school life, vacation plans, a few friends, a few ideas. It was, in one sense, precisely what I needed: without depth and without pain.

The sort of pain, for instance, that came with the second, almost inadmissible thought—the thought that always forced me to walk faster, not looking around, until we had crossed the street and moved on. I began to plan some casual, unobtrusive way of changing our route, but my street lay right across our path. At first it was too difficult, and suddenly it was too late.

THAT FRIDAY afternoon—was it the end of May?—we seemed to be walking in a path made by the sun. The cracked stone squares of the sidewalk had a golden glitter. We moved slowly, talking easily, sometimes stopping at store windows crammed with the thick, elaborate drapery of lace curtains—a specialty of the street. Miss Templeton loved the look of such things, and besides, she told me, she wanted to buy a wedding gift. But inevitably, as we approached my block I began to hurry, drawing her on as tactfully as I could. I even made some inane remarks about the warmth of the day, and I think she looked at me with surprise, but that was probably only my impression. She must, I think, already have noticed my restlessness, and understood it, too, perhaps, in her own tolerant way.

I knew pretty well by now what that way was; but I could not tell her that I was always afraid that here, on this corner, the two halves of my life, which I was so fiercely yet fearfully holding apart, would meet and touch, and the effect would be—what? A terrible, searing flash to kill us where we stood? Or rather the beginning of the slow and secret death of something—blood, spirit, some essence of life shriveling, failing, sinking deep within? But I don't know what it was like. Even now, thirty years later, I don't know.

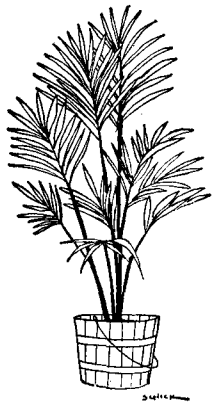
We came to the block a little later than usual; that was the trouble. Just as we reached and crossed it, just as we passed under the wide awning of the corner candy store,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the door opened and my father came out. It should have been so simple, so ordinary. I knew that he must have returned from work, taken off his shirt because it was soiled and damp with sweat, put his jacket back on over his undershirt because that combination would feel lighter, and gone out to get the afternoon paper. He was carrying it under his arm, folded so that the headlines showed in the thick, twisted Yiddish script. In his other arm he carried a bag lumpy with something, rolls perhaps. His face, even his neck and ears, were the color of dirty wax, as though the oil and grime of the shop had melted deep into the skin. He looked tired, and his head drooped, as always at the end of the shop day. For a moment I thought he might not see us, but then he shifted the bag, raised his hand to adjust his glasses, and looked up. He saw me, of course, without surprise, and stopped, glancing with interest at my companion, smiling with his usual quiet diffidence.

"HELLO, LAURA," he said, pronouncing the name gently, ceremoniously. He still used it only before strangers, American strangers. At home, I was Leya.

"Hello, Papa, this is Miss Templeton," I said, amazed that I could say it so calmly. But I saw at once that he had noticed something dis-



tracted about me, something frightened in the way I gripped my briefcase, I suppose, and swung it jerkily. He turned from me to her and took the hand she had extended. Almost dreamily I saw his fingers, long, pale, yellowed with smoking, the nails black-encrusted, touch the smooth, narrow brownness of hers.

"I thought you were Miss Templeton, from Laura's description," he said, and added something I did not hear. So we went on, exchanging polite remarks; Miss Templeton quite at her ease, pleased as always, to talk to someone who was —different, as she called it. But not so very different from her settlement people, I thought, in a mist of resentment and pain. I couldn't bear that she should think him "interesting" in her sense of the word; that she should go home to regale Dr. Templeton at that polished table with an account of this meeting: how Laura Joseph's father had come out of a store looking rather worn and grimy, poor man, wearing a coat but no shirt, so that the frayed, unbuttoned top of his yellowing underwear showed, and how he carried a Yiddish paper—to me and, as I was certain, to her, the badge of separateness and failure. And at the same time, I was planning with furious clarity how, if we could get away without saying any more, he would just assume that I had been walking her up, and the worst danger would be past. I could have prayed for this to any and all gods! I could have sworn to perform penances, sacrifices without number, if only. . . .

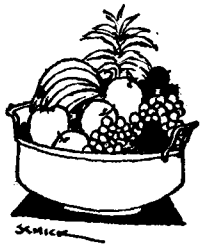
But again, as always, while I suffered and delayed, it was too late. I can remember just how the slender figure in the dark flannel suit leaned toward him, listening and smiling, and I can remember that she looked at her watch before she said with that light, rippling laugh: "My goodness, the time! We might just as well walk along, Mr. Joseph, if you're on your way home, that is. My station is halfway house, isn't it, Laura?"

THERE IT WAS, and he understood at once. For all I know, he may have been prepared. He knew, didn't he, that I was growing up in a double world, that I would have to choose? But his knowing had been secret, or he had put it off. He had not been prepared for its exposure on the busy corner of a street, in those terrible double tones of revelation, her artless friendliness unmasking my feeble deceit. In the long moment that followed, when I saw him standing between us, as though hesitating, while he pressed the lumpy bag closer to his chest and looked down at it, his reddened eyelids trembling slightly, their fragile veining and the wrinkled hollows around them unbearably clear through his glasses, I felt oddly at peace, no matter what he might say. It was the inevitable end and the long-expected beginning. I saw it in his eyes when he looked up—at her only—and put out his hand.

"You better go ahead. It was nice to meet you, Miss Templeton."

"Good-bye, Mr. Joseph," she said. "Perhaps we'll meet again soon."

She did not comment on the unexplained: his refusal to come with



us; his shopping there in that blowsy street, so far from where she thought we lived. She may have wondered about it, as we walked toward the parkway station which was, as she called it, "halfway house." We talked as usual, with longer pauses, perhaps. I never knew whether this was the first fine line to divide us. There were so many others.

But at home, after supper, when everyone had settled down in what seemed the usual way—Mother with the paper, I with my books under the light at the round table, and Father in his corner by the window, the earphones of the small old radio clamped on his ears, his fingers delicately fixing the mysterious formula of batteries, dials, and tubes that in those early days needed much coaxing before they would pour out the music he loved—when I, not daring, not really knowing how to say anything, looked up and met his coldly sorrowful glance, and saw that he was not listening, not searching the dials, I knew that we had come, all three, to the end of a season. In some horrible yet natural way we had fulfilled our parts in a cycle —shed a skin, grown a wing or a claw; something had atrophied, something had sprouted. And at night, by my window, weeping silently and with a sort of angry relish, I knew it and accepted it still.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One for the Road

GERALD WEALES

FOR THREE NIGHTS in mid-April, Indianapolis theatregoers flocked to Clowes Memorial Hall, the huge concert hall at Butler University, to see Helen Hayes play Somerset Maugham's *The Circle* in grandly unsuitable surroundings. By comparison, the Indianapolis stay was an extended one, for the Helen Hayes Repertory Company is scheduled to hit eighteen cities—mostly one-night stands—during the five-week tour in which the Maugham play shares performances with *Lovers, Villains and Fools,* an evening of Shakespeare snippets. The occasion is less interesting in itself than it is as a representative event in contemporary American theatre. It is a very up-to-date attempt to foster a university-oriented acting troupe, but it looks remarkably old-fashioned on the surface. The publicity, the choice of play, the troupe itself—everything suggests that a first lady of the American theatre (there have always been several) has taken to the road again to bring art, culture, and glamor to the hinterlands.

The publicity is understandable. Since the idea is to beat the drums to raise interest in and money for the company, Miss Hayes is the most obvious choice as drumbeater. Hers is the only name in the company well enough known to capture paragraphs in the local papers and an interview on one of the television news shows. Even when she was at a department store signing copies of her book, *A Gift of Joy,* she was drawing attention to the theatrical doings at Clowes Hall. Yet, however valuable the publicity is to the group as a whole, it is the standard star-arrival campaign; Miss Hayes even used the television interview to make the ritual comments about the superiority of audiences outside New York who do not —as New Yorkers presumably do— go to the theatre to see one another.

INSIDE the theatre, one still has the feeling that this is the ordinary "star" tour. It is not that Miss Hayes does anything to hog scenes that are not rightfully hers. She is quite capable of doing so: I still remember how she killed Kim Stanley's best scene in *A Touch of the Poet* by mugging her reactions. Here, however, she is trying to play ensemble. She even lets the director place her at the side of the stage, her back partly to the audience, although her years on the road may have taught her that the audience will be watching her, waiting for her to do something startling.

She plays broadly, underlining her speeches with raised eyebrows, modified double takes, sudden sharp movements, but then she has always played that way. Her acting style was built in the era of externals. Lady Kitty is an artificial character, but Miss Hayes's staginess is her own. She never plays a character; she always plays Miss Helen Hayes playing a character, and audiences seem to love it. It may do a certain disservice to the play, but the effects are often amusing in their own right and it is presumably comforting to have a star who gives the impression of being a star.

It is not simply Miss Hayes's acting but the company itself that gives the old road-show look to the performance. Unless a leading player is part of a team, as the Lunts are or as Miss Hayes was when she toured with Maurice Evans in *Twelfth Night,* it has been customary to back up the star with a performer of some distinction but one whose name is not necessarily widely known. Eric Berry is the featured backstop of this tour. He is, in fact, the best performer in it. His Lord Porteous is a broadly comic portrait, almost a caricature, but the mannerisms are the character's, not the actor's, as anyone who saw Berry as the Cardinal in *Tiny Alice* can testify. The rest of the company is largely unknown and mostly young, as is customary on first-lady tours, and competent enough to keep the Maugham afloat, though not good enough to make it sail as it should.

ACCORDING to a note in the program, *The Circle* is a tribute to Maugham. Although the choice may pay homage to the recently dead author, *The Circle* is just the kind of play that serious stars like to take on the road—an amusing play that can pass as a classic. When Shakespeare is done under such circumstances, it is likely to be *Twelfth Night* rather than *Troilus and Cressida;* if it is Shaw, it is sure to be *Candida,* not *Heartbreak House.* Maugham's comedy is a good one—his best—with amusing lines, solid characters, and a serious point that is reflected in the play's action, as it should be, rather than in the explanatory note that will creep in now and then.

Compared to comedies like *Mary, Mary* and *Any Wednesday,* which

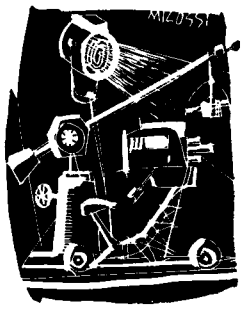
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are naughty for three acts only to end in a bath of conventionality, *The Circle* seems almost daring as it grapples, however lightly, with the problem of individual versus society. In a first-rate production, one should feel a sharp satiric edge continually, just under the laughter, the charm, and the pathos that make up the surface of the play. Even in the production at Clowes, which was far short of what might have been, the play was a welcome offering where theatrical fare is meager.

In its externals, then, the appearance of Miss Hayes in Indianapolis looks like another attempt by a dedicated actress to use her position as a star to prove that the road is not dead in this country. It is the Helen Hayes Repertory Company that makes this an unusual occasion, for that is not a name tacked onto a pickup company for this tour alone. Jack Manning, who directed *The Circle,* started the group in 1953 to present staged readings of Shakespeare's plays, modern-dress walk-throughs in which the actors carried a book that they could use or pocket as they wished. In time, the company branched out into full productions, still mostly Shakespeare, which, like the readings, were designed for one-night stands at colleges around the country.

Although the company bears her name, Miss Hayes has appeared with it only on rare occasions, usually a benefit of some kind. This is her first tour with it, and the overt objective is to raise money so that, when her five weeks are done, the company can go on with its work in an expanded program. It also hopes, as Manning told me, to make a permanent arrangement with some university so that it will have a base of operations, a fixed season that will be an economic and artistic pad from which to launch tours. It would thus resemble the Association of Producing Artists (with which Miss Hayes will be acting in the fall) and the National Repertory Theatre, Eva Le Gallienne's baby.

So far, the Helen Hayes Repertory Company has more continuity of purpose than of personnel. For this reason perhaps, it is inferior to the APA; the NRT, at least when I saw it during the 1964-1965 season, was no better than this company, although its program was more ambitious. Good intentions, however, are not enough. The hope is that university-based touring companies, like regional companies in general, if given a degree of stability and willing audiences, can grow in quality. Ironically, the old-fashioned trappings of the Hayes tour may be a step toward a touring company of another kind.



Lovely to Look At, Depressing to Know

ERIK WENSBERG

As a showman, film director Sidney Lumet is nobody's *naïf*. Yet in translating Mary McCarthy's funny, fussy, and famously upsetting novel *The Group* to the screen, he has endorsed a primary principle: it is nice to watch a pretty girl in a movie. *The Group* of course requires eight girls, three of them lookers. Lumet has gallantly increased the pretty-quotient to four, making Libby, the one who succeeds tryingly in business, a leggy, sumptuous tease in the person of Jessica Walter.

That first principle served, Lumet has proceeded to fritter out an almost endless skein of what might be called optical literature, way out there in the thin reaches of mistaken high-mindedness, where neither art nor good entertainment is supported. Lumet and his adapter, Sydney Buchman, have with tenderness cherished from the book every resonant bounce down what someone has called the great stone steps of life. The result is eerily faithful to Miss McCarthy's plot, characters, and dialogue. It even aptly edits the book: it dispenses with Pokey Prothero's tedious butler (indeed, most of the Pokey part) but keeps Polly Andrews's enchanting, melancholic father, expertly played by Robert Emhardt. Dottie Renfrew obtains her memorable aid to birth control; Libby is almost raped by the ski instructor; Harald Peterson goes from bad to worse; Kay, his wife, is beaten up and then committed by him, and falls out of a window.

But just here let us recall that Miss McCarthy's novel, whatever its faults and however grim, was a comic novel. It achieved its effects by multiple narrative tones, the comic perspective zooming off from as many incongruent viewpoints. That is not a trick of the camera but of the pen, which might at the right moment catch Libby's most private musings on masturbation, Miss McCarthy's *déja vu* of youthful reformist zeal, or our own of the NRA, the *American Mercury,* and the Brevoort. Lumet, with only camera and sound, must resort to coy class notes from the girls' alumnae magazine along the bottom of the screen to set off the mordant events being enacted, or repeatedly superimpose on the sound track the college glee club piping "Ye Sons of Art." These devices relentlessly assert "Irony" rather as placards in the early radio studios enforced "Applause."

But then, fidelity to literature is not the point about a film, once it

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been said that a particular book, like this one, offers no possibilities for film whatever. It is chiefly bewildering that *The Group* should be so devoid of purely cinematic invention, skill, or taste. The film's few originalities consist too often in the sort of explicitness and cheap shocks that made of Lumet's *The Pawnbroker*—also adapted from a novel—the most jarringly meretricious American film in years.

In this less tempting vehicle, Lumet cannot, for instance, achieve the shock of Kay's death as it occurred in the book, that is, as something suddenly heard about; all the incident's ambiguity and even its surprise are lost when Joanna Pettet as Kay hurtles into a studio backdrop with a weary look of earnestness tinged with absentmindedness. What should probably not be done at all is done badly.

Only in his casting has Lumet nearly triumphed—not excluding the brilliant Carrie Nye, sold short with just one big scene as the deplorable Norine. Most of them comely, all of them good actresses (Candice Bergen, as Lakey, has only to be stunning, poised, and enigmatic), they are a remarkable array. Shirley Knight as Polly sustains a complex range of gentle decencies, which is far more difficult than it looks. Joan Hackett is impeccable and endearing as Dottie. If Hal Holbrook gives a deeply annoying, autonomous, and untimed performance as Polly's first lover, Richard Mulligan as Dottie's first lover conveys a heel more deftly than Laurence Harvey ever could.

Sadly enough, it is the opulent Jessica Walter who might be said to bear on her shoulders the thin thing that Lumet and Buchman have wrought. A beautiful girl and a skillful actress, she is here directed in the classic mode of smart brunettes like Katharine Hepburn and Rosalind Russell. By the end, then, we have perceived that this is in fact one more clever movie in the old, smart, chattering tradition of the 1930's and early 1940's—far longer and, in technique, less inventive for the very fact of its dedication to "literature." But then the arts, including literature, do seem for many to be the reverential equivalent in our day of the Popular Front of Miss McCarthy's period novel.

Drive-in Movie

The watching windshields multiply
Last cartoon colors of the sky;
Meanwhile, the operator stands
Projecting shadows of his hands;
It is too late, we will believe
Once more—mosquitoes stab our sleeves,
And for our money we are shown
Twilight edges of the bone
Begun too soon, and barely seen
Through headlights blazing on the screen,
Full-voiced and all but out of light
Until the darkness sets them right.

Our paper coffee cups are hot,
And we walk back across the lot
To try to find where we have parked.
Lovers lurch back in the dark
From one another when we knock
Upon their doors, and punch the lock;
And, clearly lost, we must return
Some other way; our fingers burn,
Our tongues are blistered, we have meant
In having paid what we have spent,
And spent in hunting have not seen
The bone that brightens on the screen.

Upon the screen this brightness grows.
We breathe discreetly through the nose,
Or hold the breath, because we fear
To fog the windows; in our ears
Window-speaker voices rise
Choirly and synchronized,
But when the movie lets us out
Headlights roar and engines shout,
And driving home we do not speak.
In the dark cars children sleep.
Taillights burn like coals gone dull.
Night rehearses in the skull.

—JOHN ENGELS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Mrs. Stanley, I Presume

GLENDY CULLIGAN

TALK STORIES, by Lillian Ross. *Simon and Schuster. $5.95.*

Hearing a muffled thud in our mailbox the other day, we hastened to collect the contents, which included a thick, padded, rectangular manila envelope (9 x 14½"), fastened at the top by two heavy brass staples and bearing a typed address (our own) and a postmark (New York, N.Y., April 6) from which we extracted a book of average dimension (6 x 8½ x 1¼"), jacketed in heavy putty-colored paper with a chic, attractive matte finish, on which five lines of large type surrounded by a black hairline rule identified the volume as *Talk Stories* (printed in red) "by" (printed in black) "Lillian Ross" (printed in purple).

On the table of contents (pages 7-8) the titles of sixty "stories" were listed, occasionally in language that made the subject instantly clear ("Ambassador Stevenson," "Dag Hammarskjöld") but more often by cryptic designations ("Symbol," "Anniversary," or "Learning") that suggested depths of meaning to be plumbed.

Inside the left-hand jacket flap a printed message informed us that "Lillian Ross is one of the many staff writers who, over the years, have written the short, anonymous articles that appear in the Talk of the Town section of *The New Yorker* and are known on the magazine's premises as 'Talk stories.' As a form, the Talk story is *sui generis*." Continuing in this confident vein, the message (known on the publisher's premises as "blurb") praised Miss Ross's style in such phrases as "master of compression," "unbemused by appearances," and "eye for the quintessential," adding that "the events she reports on may take place in Central Park, in Greenwich Village, at the United Nations, on Broadway, or elsewhere in New York City."

As a longtime *New Yorker* reader we were frankly surprised to learn that its Talk was written by individuals with names and distinguishable styles, since over the years, to our untutored eye, the pieces had resounded with the cool, impeccable monotone of corporate speech. We were, however, delighted to revisit Miss Ross, for with a "nonfiction novel" already heading most best-seller lists around the nation, nonfiction stories seemed a logical sequitur in the current trend toward a new, scientific realism in the arts, made possible by modern techniques of documentation, and surpassing the feeble, amateur observations of nineteenth-century naturalism as the space rocket surpasses the Roman candle.

FLIPPING QUICKLY through pages 1-10, we noted the Library of Congress Catalog Card number (66-11066) as well as two earlier Ross titles (*Portrait of Hemingway, Vertical and Horizontal*) that were rated controversial as well as quintessential. Plunging into the first story, we participated in the launching of a paperback anthology titled *The Beats* via a cocktail party at which Norman Mailer appeared "looking very conservative in a business suit" while bestowing a "fatherly twinkle" on a mild, tractable crowd of younger aspirants.

Hmmm, we thought. Next came "Anniversary," a description of U.N. Headquarters on the eve of the fifteenth anniversary of Hiroshima, which stressed bustle over trouble in the Congo but also itemized social notices on Secretariat bulletin board, dishes on seventy-cent cafeteria lunch tray, and appointments on Secretary General's daily calendar. Hmmm, we thought; could she be a little bemused by appearances after all?

After that came interviews with Jack Gelber, author of *The Connection*, who wore desert boots, white woolen socks, chino pants, and "a nice expression of confidence"; with Edward Albee, who wore gray tweed jacket, gray flannel slacks, and "considerable charm"; sculptor Richard Lippold (chocolate-colored suit, tan shirt, golden necktie, confident look); Ambassador Stevenson (dark blue pin-striped suit, light blue shirt with French cuffs. tolerant look); and Henny Youngman (black mohair suit, white voile shirt, mannish look).

Also introduced were Simon McQueen, TV weather girl ("cheerful . . . chic . . . confident," likes sponsor's orange juice); actress Margaret Rutherford ("gracious, observant . . . charming," fond of grilled fish); actress Dame Edith Evans ("looking . . . twenty years younger than her age," delighted by veal cutlet and cherry blintz), and playwright Lorraine Hansberry ("soft-voiced . . . pretty . . . 'mad for banana cream pie' ").

Because every interview exposed a Very Important Personality, we considered even the least fact cited enthralling, but as the evening wore along, we found the quintessentials less and less memorable. Was it Glenn Gould or Menuhin who wore the navy blue worsted with blue and silver striped necktie? Checked, discovered it was Robert Kennedy. (Shirt by Sulka, size 15½-33; wrote that down, may be important to know in '72.)

FEELING ourself bemused by so many intimate glimpses of the mighty, we appealed to our man Stanley (any resemblance to Miss Ross's man of same name coincidental) for help in formulating some coherent impression. Meanwhile, we adjourned to the kitchen for a veal sandwich with sliced onion and tomato modeled on one attributed by Miss Ross to Anne Jackson, wife of Eli Wallach, and eaten by Michael Wager during rehearsals of *Brecht on Brecht*. When we returned, as pleasantly stuffed as François Truffaut after a steak lunch described on page 241, we found the following notes stuck in our typewriter:

"Facts, facts, facts! Lillian Ross infactuated with detail. Big facts, little facts, medium facts. Thin facts, fat facts, tall facts, short facts. In nonfiction stories, all facts created equal but some more equal

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than others. Details about citizens of Manhattan Island more equal than details about citizens of Staten Island. Statistics about denizens of Greenwich Village more vital than statistics about residents of Bronx. Not to mention Brooklyn, Queens. Surprised to learn town Miss Ross talks about is small, not big. Extends from 8th St. to 72nd, from Third Ave. to Seventh. About size of Dubuque? One, two-industry town: show biz, politics. Elsewhere in New York rarely visited, despite jacket, but seems to include Aqueduct and Miami.

"Reread previous Ross collection *Reporting*, discovered Truman Capote not first to write new art form called nonfiction novel. Publisher praises 'scrupulous objectivity, pure and direct prose.' Must refer to dearth of adjectives. Assortment limited. Young girls usually 'pretty'; women, 'chic' and/or "attractive'; men, 'pink-cheeked' or 'apple-cheeked'; aides, 'devoted'; both sexes, 'cheerful' or 'confident,' sometimes both. All for best in best of all possible worlds?

"Upbeat tone certainly reassuring. Everything under control, everywhere. Good time to buy products confidently suggested in *New Yorker* pages: Balmain perfume ('Most sophisticated in all Paris'); Air France ('Paris is for gourmets'); IFI Weathercoats ('makes rain seem like champagne'); Seagrams ('first made as a gift for the King of England'). Heady suggestions. Girl known by company she patronizes. Need confidence to comply.

"Glossy photo of Miss Ross, stuck between pages 214-215, inspires confidence. Expression thoughtful, alert, like financier Erwin S. Wolfson; friendly, like Pan Am boss Juan T. Trippe, yet determined like Hammarskjöld. Not quite relaxed like Hansberry, but very chic like Sheila MacRae. Dark silk suit, plain white blouse, simple jewel pendant. Sensible hands clutch beaded evening bag. Ready for action, night, day?

"Smile not dazzling like Uta Hagen, not quite sporty like Rockefeller; rather, knowing, like Mme. Horowitz. Still, not type to knife pal despite way town talked when Hemingway profile appeared. No sign in picture of tape recorder, steno notebook, however. Should ask how she takes verbatim quotes, sometimes eight, ten paragraphs long. Neat trick. Total recall?"

Attached to Stanley's notes was a yellow-and-white postcard, First Class Permit No. 685, which evidently fell out at page 214 along with the photo. One side carried the address of Miss Ross's publisher; the other, the question "Did you like this book? Please tell us in a few words why." Quickly we checked the square thoughtfully provided for affirmative answers, and added:

"When town talks I listen. How else feel 'in' when actually out? How else meet Adlai, Albee, Kenneth, Zero, et al.? How else learn Jackie uses egg shampoo, Bobby lost gold cufflinks twice, Sir John hates rollercoaster, Henry Ringling North shops discount houses. Terrific names, facts to drop. What dif. whether quint- or non-essential? People flattered by inside dope. Chic people. Charming people. Me, too."

Contemporary Ancestors

DAN C. PINCK

Yesterday's People: Life in Contemporary Appalachia, by Jack E. Weller. *University of Kentucky Press. $4.75.*

At first glance this book seems to be pitted with the jargon of sociological research; subcultures divide cultures, adult-centered groups relate to adult-directed activities, adult reference groups hammer against youth reference groups, and object orientation rubs against person orientation. The first glance is deceiving, for Jack E. Weller, a Presbyterian minister who spent thirteen years in the Appalachian South, has succeeded in writing a description of a region and a people that is so modest and full of acute good sense that phrases generally hurled at us by pretentious pseudo scholarship seem here invested with an aptness and accuracy that make them new.

In describing the life of the mountaineers ("our contemporary ancestors") who lived in his parish in the Big Coal River Valley in West Virginia, Mr. Weller has provided flesh for the bones of Federal legislation aimed at redeveloping impoverished areas and people. In his portrait of a mountain community Mr. Weller considers some practical alternatives that would comply with the wishes of the community as well as the legislated commandments of the nation; as such, his book is of great value as a field manual to those who are promoting and directing vast social changes for those among us who have few of even the necessary material goods and still fewer emotional resources. He prescribes by observation: the truths of the mountain people are not self-evident; they became so after a reading of this book. Mr. Weller's account speaks with clarity and authority, sensitivity and compassion.

Since it is harder to ask the right questions than to give facile answers, I prefer to quote some of Mr. Weller's questions. He asks:

"How to begin and where to start? How does one approach the problem of compartmentation—the environmental problem created by the valleys of Appalachia? How does one break down the extreme isolation that so many families choose as their way of life and pass on to their children? Education is an answer, yes, but what can be done with families who have lived with generations of antipathy to schooling? How can we reach a people with twentieth-century education who still live by seventeenth-century social and economic codes? Plans may well be made to improve the educational level of the young, yet for what? To move elsewhere for jobs and life, leaving the valleys still bereft? And, further, how does one bring first-rate modern education through school systems so beleaguered by lack of funds and political maneuvering that new well-trained personnel from outside the area are not wanted?

"The economic situation is equally unpromising. Lack of transportation for goods, distance from sizable mar-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER Puzzle

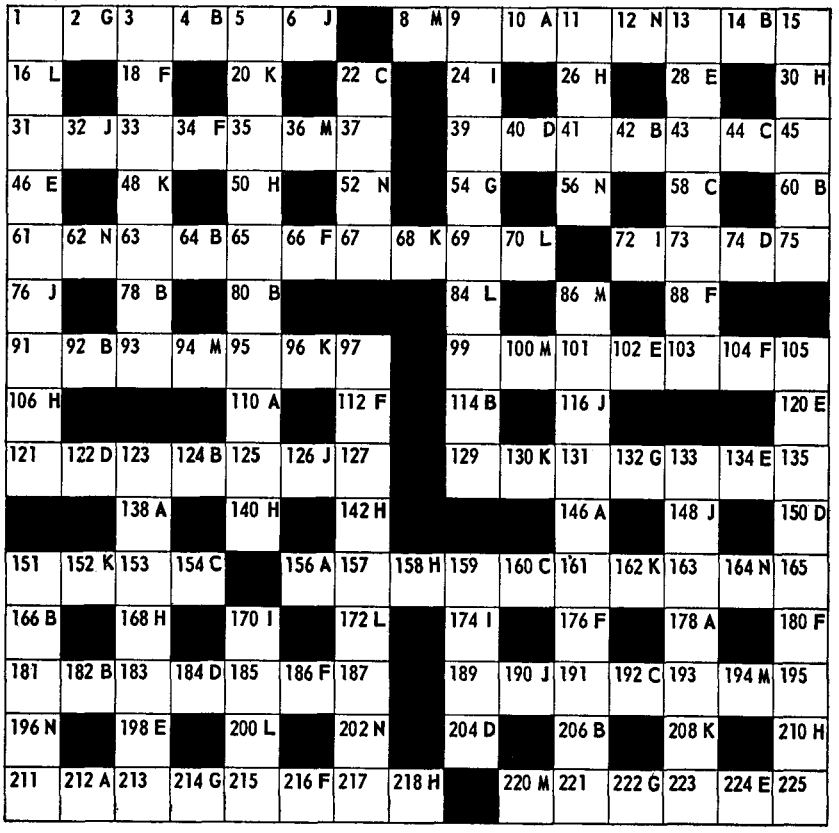
Acrostickler® No. 147

by HENRY ALLEN

© 1966 by the Reporter Magazine Company

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
146 10 110 178 138 212 156 Priest of Apollo, slain with his two sons by two serpents.

B
4 14 78 42 80 166 114 60 206 92 64 182 124 Medically, a redness of the skin.

C
22 192 58 44 160 154 Offered up dedicated.

D
74 184 122 204 40 150 The drink of the gods.

E
134 28 120 46 198 224 102 Advertising phrase descriptive of summer drinks (3,4).

F
88 104 18 112 216 34 176 186 66 180 A small quantity of wine (4,2,4).

G
54 222 132 214 2 Clippings of hedges.

H
50 30 158 26 142 218 210 106 140 168 A command to infantry to line up in regular intervals (5,5).

I
174 24 170 72 "To that mysterious realm, where_____shall take/His chamber in the silent halls of death..." Bryant, "Thanatopsis."

J
126 148 116 190 32 76 6 "Somewhere, surely, afar,... is practised that strength,/_____beneficent, firm." Arnold, "Rugby Chapel."

K
162 152 48 68 20 130 208 96 Swinging couches.

L
70 16 172 84 200 A loop with a running knot.

M
94 194 8 36 100 220 86 "Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle/Are_____of deeds that are done in their clime?" Byron, "Bride of Abydos."

N
56 52 164 62 196 12 202 Philosophical system founded on the Veda.

ACROSS

1. Speech to chicks?
8. How an astronaut will leave? (5, 3).
31. British title for an American port.
39. Not necessarily an armored vehicle (4, 3).
61. A starchy sort of fellow, if not shirty.
72. Seek and ye shall find.
91. A manly art to send fee due.
99. They may be legal behind locomotives.
121. Such zero when you leave the musical joke.
129. Cast 102? Such nerve!
151. Classically one of three may be a feat.
156. Umbrella after dark may be deadly!
181. Classical river gives me a pain to start with.
189. First state to be in.
211. Hill range makes us cold about mixed doubles.
220. Rely on me simply.

DOWN

1. Doc's uncle decides when upset.
3. Look out! There's a garment in the clear muffin batter.
5. Bad canvass prospects may droop, son, or perhaps not (4,6).
9. Socks a young sheep on broken seats.
11. A knife in a lush ivory scabbard (slang).
13. This French cloud may shade.
15. With 105 down, recent title of the Acrostician.
22. How to apostrophize a cotter (1, 3).
86. Room in a shell or slow rate of travel? (6, 4).
97. I'm passionate when you nail me too.
105. See 15 down.
123. Expert's very warm twice over (slang).
133. Take ace? No—something to eat (3, 4).
151. Money is candid, they say.
159. Warmth in the attic.
170. Work gang in Acre, western part.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kets, inadequate water and sewerage systems, substandard housing and schools, little available land, and an untrained labor supply—how many more economic strikes could a region have against it?"

Although the obstacles to change in Appalachia are severe, change will be forced upon the mountain people because, as Mr. Weller says, "There's something about a dominant culture which will not allow a differing culture to exist side by side with it." The mountain people live in a "pathological society in that it does not deal adequately with the problems of life. . . . It does not foster the human values of personal worth, dignity, responsibility, and happiness. The persons within it have failed to make life adjustments of the most basic kinds, and these failures are perpetuated. Family life is such that attitudes and habits are fostered which almost guarantee defeat for its members, and these family habits are passed on from one generation to the next."

ANOTHER OBSTACLE to change, according to Mr. Weller, is the mountaineer himself. "He does not want to change. He has found his way of living satisfying enough, and he looks on persons of other classes without a trace of envy or jealousy. He does not want to be like them." The patent brands of social remedy must be applied cautiously; one would like to think that the tradition of a rugged but not ragged individualism might be retained in the mass transfer of the mountaineer into a society which is neurotic in its demand for conformity. Like us, the mountaineer will be faced with the choice of conformity or erratic nonconformity. He may escape poverty but he will be caught in stresses of an equally crippling kind. Does our own society foster the human values of personal worth, dignity, responsibility, and happiness?

In trying to effect wholesale social change, much damage may be done to those whose culture is eroded as well as to those who promote the change. If we decide that change can best be brought about through the means of education and then focus on elementary and secondary school education without providing some kinds of significant educational experience for adults, the divergence in the society will become sharper and graver. If we are really committed to bringing about a Great Society, we cannot afford to disregard any segment of society that acutely needs assistance. If we establish an elaborate program of educational technology to train people for certain industrial tasks, we should also try to educate them so that they may use their time profitably after the five-o'clock whistle and after the present technology becomes obsolete.

Can we build factories in which trained people can perform monotonous jobs and earn a decent salary without building up the educational and health and intellectual and recreational—and, as Mr. Weller suggests—the spiritual needs as well? Such action requires central planning on a vast and perhaps terrifying scale; in some ways it is similar to the Soviet state deciding that a part of Siberia must be made productive, with a reforestation program of people and energies marshaled relentlessly to serve the state. Here, planning must be devised to serve the people. However, if democracy can perform such miracles overseas for other people living under other forms of government, we should be able to do it in America.

What seems to be required is an imaginative combination of effort and direction. The business of repairing the seams of society in Appalachia is the concern of many government agencies, both Federal and state, and private enterprise as well, be it housing, labor, health, agriculture, or education. If the major problems are approached with a concerted and sustained effort utilizing the community's competitive resources, the danger of a lopsided growth may be avoided.

Perhaps new agencies will be needed to bring about wise changes and to avoid wasteful duplications of effort. Poverty is an infectious disease that cannot be cured by subsidized housing alone, by exemplary public schools stocked with inspired teachers, by sowing crops on flat fields under the direction of county agents, by providing abundant and inexpensive electricity alone, by providing comprehensive and competent health services alone, by extending production lines alone. Moreover, although the hopelessness of poverty may itself be the biggest obstacle to change, it cannot be eradicated by the fiat of money alone. There should be co-operation in Washington and regionally among the various states before the mountaineer is attacked by reform and renovation.

Compared With Me . . .

SAREL EIMERL

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL, by Kenneth Rexroth. *Doubleday. $5.95.*

For the past twenty years, I have been reading the autobiographies of the very successful in the hope of finding out how it must feel to be a great man: a great conversationalist, wit, scholar, seducer, *bon vivant*, and man of the world. This first volume of the memoirs of Kenneth Rexroth, the San Francisco poet, bohemian, seducer, wit, scholar, and so on, provides the clearest and most vivid account I know of, except perhaps for the memoirs of Frank Harris; and they, I gather, were fictional. True, Mr. Rexroth's book is billed as an autobiographical novel but only because, to avoid suits for libel, the author has made some changes in the names and characteristics of his acquaintance. In essence the book is a narrative of real life and demonstrates beyond dispute that the author has enjoyed riper and more varied experiences than I and everyone I know put together.

Rexroth grew up in Chicago in the years after 1905, at a time when society was far more fluid than it is today. At the age of fifteen, he was in love with, loved, and pleasured by a girl ten years his senior. At the same time, having just been thrown out of school, he became part owner and operator of a joint where he "met everybody in show business and in music who was of the slightest importance." He worked as a candy butcher and as a second for a female boxer and wrestler. He also put in time as a newspaper reporter and, as such, met all the leading Chicago

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Leader 7 East 15th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003

Okay. Please start sending me The New Leader at the special one-year subscription rate of $4.50 (for new subscribers only)—saving half the newsstand price. If it turns out to be a bore, I will plainly tell you so after the fourth issue and get my money back for the remainder of this subscription.

☐ Check enclosed *(I understand by saving you billing cost I will receive The New Leader for an extra month.)*

☐ Please bill me

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

R-5

This coupon and $4.50 will get you a subscription to America's least popular magazine.

It will bring you a magazine that is read by only 0.022% of the adult population of the U.S. (A distinguished 0.022%, to be sure.) The magazine is called The New Leader. It looks at public affairs and the arts with the sharp, steely eye of critical intelligence. It will not increase your income, your popularity, or your longevity. It will just clear the fuzz from the air. If you find yourself always agreeing with it, cancel your subscription.

Not long ago, the Overseas Press Club gave its Citation for "the best magazine reporting of foreign affairs" to a publication most people have never heard of: The New Leader.

President Kennedy heard of it; he read it and wrote for it. Vice President Humphrey also reads it, and writes for it. So, too, Murray Kempton and Senator Paul Douglas and John Dos Passos and Willy Brandt and Senator Thomas J. Dodd and others equally eminent.

Shuns togetherness

These readers do not always agree with our views. Even our contributors do not always agree with each other. The New Leader shuns ideological togetherness. It is simply a forum where responsible writers are free to be candid, prophetic, indignant and—on occasion—wrong.

Because it offers this freedom, The New Leader attracts to its pages the ablest thinkers and journalists of our time. A dozen examples: Milovan Djilas, Theodore Draper, Ralph Ellison, Michael Harrington, Stanley Edgar Hyman, Sidney Hook, George F. Kennan, Robert Lekachman, Alberto Moravia, Hans J. Morgenthau, Reinhold Niebuhr, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. To these worthy men we are able to offer only two compensations—an unshackled typewriter, and a reflective audience.

Fortune smiles upon us

Many of our big-circulation contemporaries applaud The New Leader; they like its peppery integrity.

Says Fortune: "One of the truly remarkable publications of these times."

And the New York Times: "It would be impossible for any normal person to agree with all that appears in The New Leader, but it is possible for all lovers of free expression to welcome the fact that The New Leader exists and...continues to sound off."

How to save almost half the newsstand price

The New Leader cheerfully accepts its fate as a less popular magazine than the Reader's Digest. We are certain, nonetheless, that there are 5,000 new readers who, given the chance, would find us invigorating.

So our coupon offers an incentive. It brings you a year's subscription, 25 issues, for $4.50—saving almost half of the newsstand price.

"I find myself," said the late T. S. Eliot, "more often reading The New Leader from cover to cover than any other magazine that I receive." Do not accept Mr. Eliot's assurances, or ours. Mail the coupon and find out yourself.

The New Leader

THIS AD HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY FRIENDS OF THE NEW LEADER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations:

A General Theory

J. W. BURTON, Jr

An outspoken book emphasizing the necessity of adjustment to a changed world political environment as the alternative to war. The author sees non-alignment as a relevant response to the nuclear age. $7.50

Islam in the Modern National State

E. I. J. ROSENTHAL

A study of the effect of nationalism and the growth of secular ideas on the traditional religious and political unity of Islam. Discusses the movements and ideas gaining ground in the newly independent states. $10.50

The ANZUS Treaty Alliance

J. G. STARKE

Nuclear weapons have given the ANZUS Treaty the character of a deterrent alliance beyond its original purpose of regional defense. This study of the treaty compares it with other regional security treaties entered into by the U.S., with NATO and SEATO, and suggests revision to meet modern developments.

Published for Melbourne University Press. $12.50

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

journalists of the day, the rip-roaring crowd portrayed and accurately, or so Mr. Rexroth asserts, in Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's *The Front Page*. He got slapped into jail and beaten up by the cops. And he read Proust, Verlaine, Renée Vivien, and Germain Nouveau.

When he was about sixteen—it is difficult to keep the dates precisely clear—Mr. Rexroth's girl won a fellowship to Smith, so he followed her to Northampton. From there he drifted to New York and settled in the Village, where he became chummy with a mass of artists and revolutionary labor leaders, as well as a remarkably sporty assemblage of pimps, whores, crooks, narcotic addicts, and other swingers, including a young cripple who made most of her money as a dump girl. A *dump* girl? Oh, come on. Don't you know that's a girl who lets herself be beaten by men? And do you know also that a dump girl always tries to get herself beaten by three or four men at a time because numbers mean safety and one man alone might kill her? Well, I've just found this out, but Mr. Rexroth knew it at seventeen.

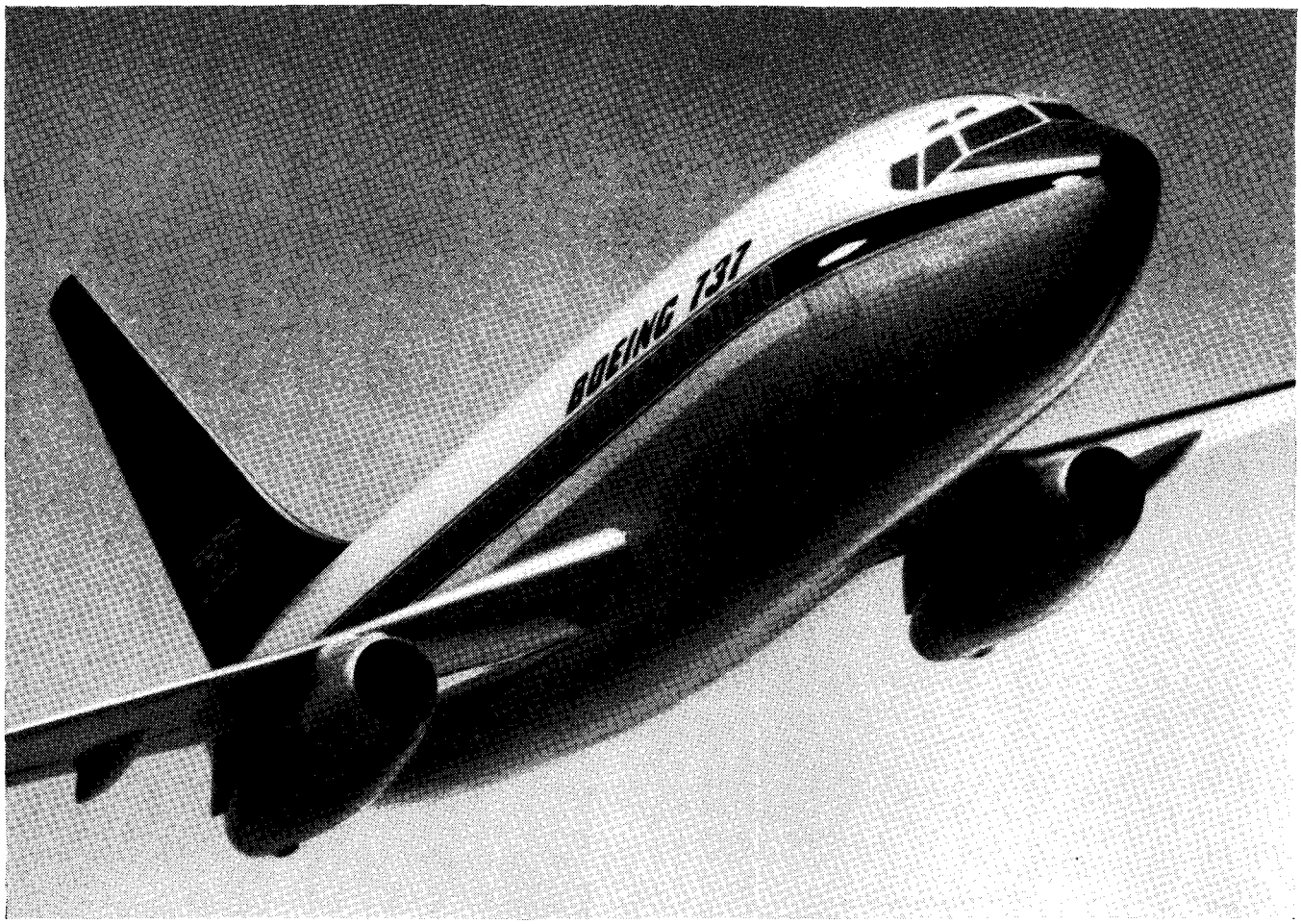
Not long afterward, he met a beautiful girl from India at a party who suddenly began to sing and sang until daylight, "with her vibrating back pressed against me." She was one of Gandhi's early associates. It was Mr. Rexroth who took her home and had an affair with her, during which he learned "sexual Yoga." Then it was back to prison and more beating up. Then it was making a living playing poker in a setup with Willy McCauley and Max Bodenheim. Then it was reading, reading, reading: "The *Carmina Burana* in the old edition so full of mistakes" . . . and "all the poetry of Abelard and Thomas Aquinas and the Victorines and Venantius Fortunatus in Migne . . . " and "all of the *Analecta Hymnica*."

GLANCING BACK over his book, I perceive that Mr. Rexroth did quite a few other things in his youth that I haven't yet gotten around to. I've never shared a prison cell with a man in drag, or so much as seen any dingfobs: "life-sized rubber women which were exported by the Kobe Sex Shop, probably to all the prisons in the world." I've never changed the locks in an office building, uncovering evidence which forced several people out of the IWW. I never got caught in the middle of a typhoon. I never attended a Black Mass in the Bronx, or hung around in a place patronized by lesbians who were really escaped nuns. I never met a girl whose stories, still unpublished, were better than those of Katherine Mansfield. I never sold health books to country folk, using a Gila monster and "slowly peeling an orange in one continuous spiral" as part of my pitch. And I never fell in love at first sight with the girl I subsequently married.

Being a skeptical and conservative fellow, I couldn't help wondering whether Mr. Rexroth was laying it all on a bit thick. So, as we happen to live in the same town, I called on him and asked him bluntly if he was a liar. He said no, he wasn't, and went on to tell me several stories that he'd left out of the book. During an evening of delightful and rambling conversation, he told me several things about my home town in England which I didn't know, including the name of the family who ran the place back in Tudor times and some details about the rood screen in the cathedral. On the basis of this and other aspects of our conversation, I was obliged to conclude that Mr. Rexroth did experience all the events he describes. He himself maintains that the variety was only possible because the social structure in the West was then so open and because it was easy to drift into what would now be much more tightly guarded groups.

As an account of that free-swinging period, Rexroth's reminiscences make valuable social history. One reviewer has castigated him for arrogance, but I consider that unfair. Writing as one of nature's onlookers, I salute him for his energy, for the catholicity of his interests, and for his formidable memory. And I strongly recommend this first volume of his memoirs to anybody who wants to know what the life of action is really like. But it would not, I think, make suitable reading for the envious, since it is all too likely to depress them, making them brood over how little they know and how much time they've wasted.

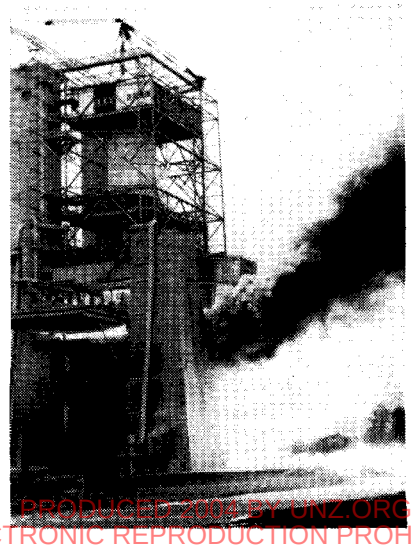
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



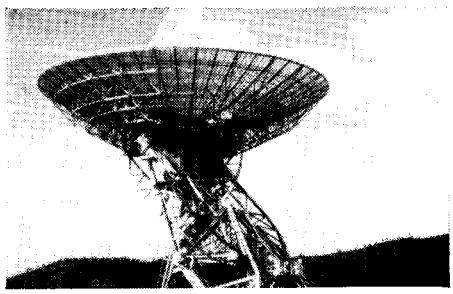
AMERICA'S newest, most advanced short-range jet, the Boeing 737, will bring passengers on short-range routes the same big-jet comfort enjoyed by passengers on intercontinental jetliners. The 737 will provide more head room, more shoulder room by far than any other short-range jet. It'll carry up to 117 passengers, cruise at 580 miles an hour, and operate with ease from shorter runways. Roll-out is scheduled for later this year. Boeing 737s have already been ordered by these leading airlines: Braathens (Norway), Irish, Lufthansa, Mexicana, Northern Consolidated, Pacific, Piedmont, United, Western and Wien Air Alaska.

Capability has many faces at Boeing

CHINOOK helicopter, built by Boeing's Vertol Division, is operating in Viet Nam with the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile). Chinook is U.S. Army's standard medium transport helicopter.



TEST firing of world's most powerful rocket stage, the S-1C booster of NASA's Saturn V which will launch first Americans on moon journey. Boeing holds NASA contract to build, develop, test S-1C stage, generating 7.5 million pounds of thrust.

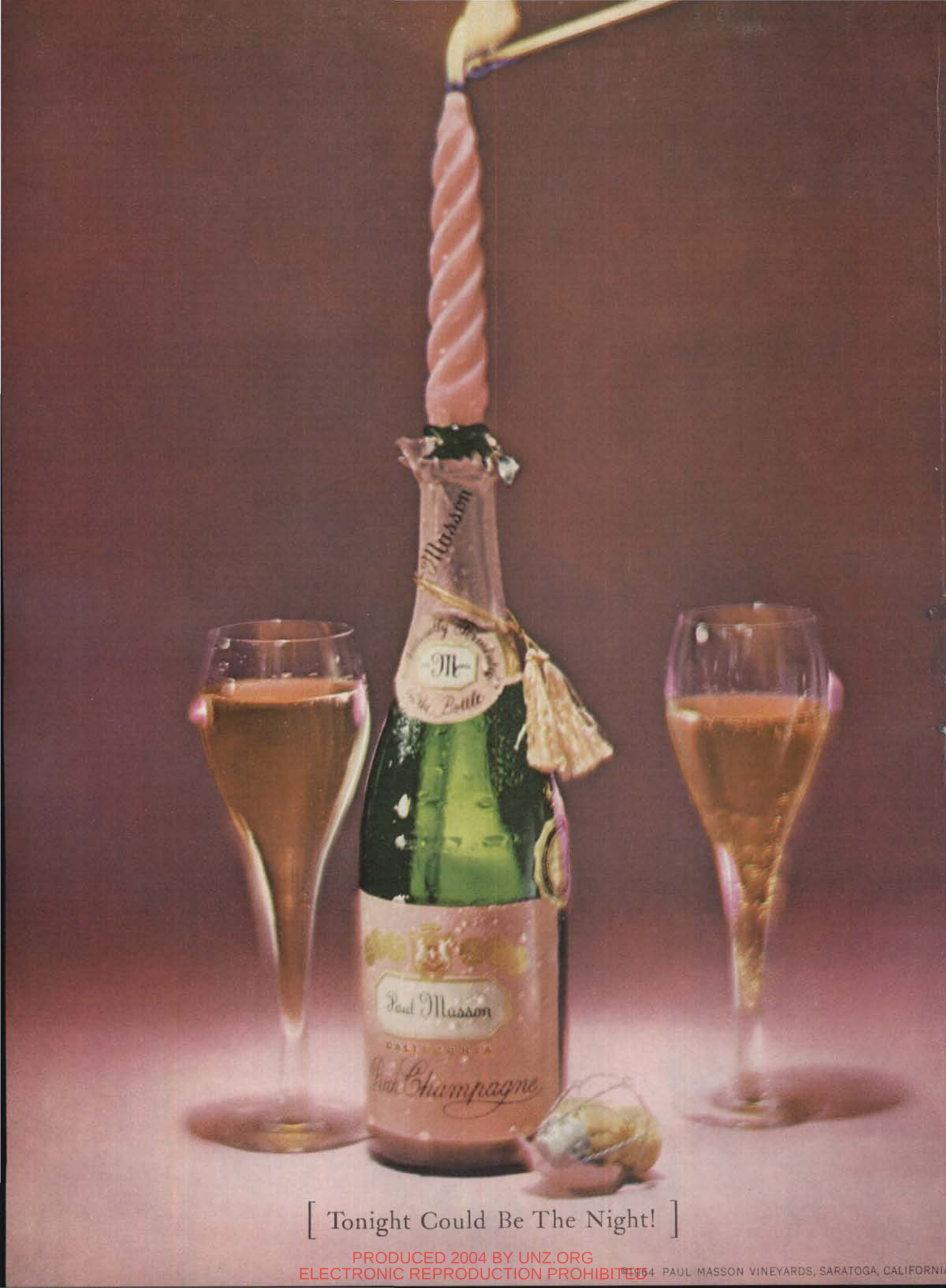


85-FOOT antenna near Madrid, part of worldwide Deep Space Network, is one of three which will receive transmissions from NASA's Boeing-built Lunar Orbiter as it circles and photographs moon later this year. NASA has also assigned Boeing responsibility for space flight mission operation.

BOEING

Space Technology • Missiles • Military Aircraft Systems • 707, 720, 727, 737 Jetliners • Systems Management • Helicopters • Marine Vehicles • Gas Turbine Engines • Also, Boeing Scientific Research Laboratories

PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



[Tonight Could Be The Night!]

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1954 PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA